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ORIGINAL LEGENDS.

THE ACTRESS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A YEAR had elapsed since the events recorded in the opening of our chronicle; and now the spring had again returned to gladden the hearts of all who loved nature. Again the robin whistled in the copse, again the oak and birch put forth their brilliant foliage, and again the orchards bore their fragrant load of blossoms. But what changes had the rolling year wrought in the fortunes of those individuals, whose story it is at once our task and pleasure to record.

It was a bright spring morning. Emily rose from her couch, and breathed her matin prayer, as the huge disk of the sun rolled up from the covert of foliage that bounded the landscape on its eastern border. And now, her devotions done, she hastened to the casement to gaze with rapture upon the handiwork of Him whom she had just addressed in the feverential communion of prayer. As she crossed the chamber she perceived a small note lying on the floor. She blushed as she glanced at the hand-writing of the address to herself, for she thought she recognized the characters of Luke. The billet had evidently found its way into the open window. It contained the following words:

"DEAR EMILY—Dare I hope that you will consent to meet me at the Three Oaks, on the banks of the green pond, in one hour from sunrise? I have that to tell you which is of vital importance to yourself and others. Dearest Emily, I need not add my name."

At the appointed hour the confiding girl was at the trysting-place, seated on that verdant bank where she had so often listened to Luke, gazing on the sheet of water that stretched out before her, and which, catching its hue from the tall forest-trees that clustered in profusion round it, had thence obtained the name of the Green Pond. She was alone, but did not remain so long, for ere she could complain that her lover had failed to keep his tryst, the shrubbery parted, and a figure wrapped in a cloak stood before her. As it confronted the blushing girl, the cloak falling from the face and person, discovered Albert Howard! The young lady instantly rose.

"You received my note," said Albert with a smile.

"Mr. Howard," replied Emily with dignity, "it is unnecessary to tell you that I did not dream that *you* had the audacity to conceive and send that note."

"And yet you came in consequence of it."

"You should have some respect and pity for my situation," answered Emily. "Yes, I confess I came hither in consequence of that note—I will avow that I believed it was written by another. You have obtained my secret, and you use it cruelly. Go, Mr. Howard, it is not fitting that you remain here. Go, sir. But I perceive that you will not listen to my request—I will take leave myself, and may your solitary reflections induce you to regret the insult you have offered to an unprotected female."

She turned to go, but the young man placed his hand upon her arm. She paused, and bent on him a glance of contempt and indignation.

"Physical force," said she, "may detain me in your presence, but it cannot increase my respect for you."

The head of the young man dropped by his side.

"Miss Emily—Miss Ashburn," said he, "I entreat you to hear me. I will detain you but a little while. I own that I procured this happiness by stealth, but, since you are here, you cannot refuse to listen to me. By heaven! the eyes that look encouragement upon a brother, should not flash indignation upon me."

"Ungenerous man!" cried Emily, "have you no delicacy!"

"Oh, Emily! in your presence I forget every thing but your beauty, and my idolatry. Idolatry, do I say? It is the true faith."

"This language, Mr. Howard, should never pass your lips. I have forbidden it once before—I will no longer listen to it. Speak to me in the language of civility or friendship, and I will hear you; but if you pass the bounds which your conscience prescribes, I must seek assistance from others, and you will make me recollect that I am not an orphan. My father—"

"Your father! of him, Emily, I wish to speak."

"Then I will hear you with pleasure," answered Emily.—"What have you to say of him?"

"Do you love him?"

"Do you ask me, Mr. Howard? I love—I reverence him—and, unworthy as I am, he idolizes me."

"And when he dies—"

"When he dies, alas! I hope I shall not survive him."

"Pardon my freedom—the freedom of one who was for long years a brother to you, Emily—but tell me, do you think you could love your father, if, instead of being the honourable man he is, he were a criminal? Suppose he had committed some dreadful crime!"

"How dare you suppose so, Albert Howard! to mention the name of that good old man in the same breath with crime! But suppose it were so, I could love him still."

"Even if the axe hung over him?"

"I could follow him to the scaffold, and die for him, or die with him."

"Noble girl! I admire you even while I am about to wound you by a dreadful disclosure. Summon all your energies to meet it."

There was something so solemn and appalling in the voice of Albert, that Emily trembled with an undefined dread.

"Do not keep me in suspense. What secret—what calamity have you to impart?"

"You say you would love your father if he were a criminal. He is a felon, and the axe *does* hang over him."

"Liar!" cried Emily. "Your own venom should strangle you before it found a vent. *My* father a felon! I deny it, and defy the author of this outrage. Begone! your sight is hateful to me. Begone!"

"What!" exclaimed Albert, "shall I go and denounce him? Think well before you speak. This is a false world, and full of hypocritical appearances. Your father *seems* virtuous and honest, but is he so? or has he always been so? I should be as reluctant to slander him as you—and why? Because he is *my uncle!*"

"Your uncle!"

We need not record the very words in which Albert declared his *knowledge* that the pretended Ashburn was the lost brother of his father, and amenable to capital punishment for the attempt on the life of his elder brother. Albert asserted that he had *proofs* of his identity, but in reality he was without them, and his accusations were only based upon conjecture. With an eagle eye he read the effect of his disclosure upon Emily in the changes of her ingenuous countenance. He marked by what slow, but sure degrees, conviction stole upon her mind; and he knew that his triumph was achieved when her limbs trembled; her eyes were suffused with tears, and a deadly pallor overspread her lovely face.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the wretched girl, clasping her hands and raising her streaming eyes to heaven—"Oh heavens! pardon and protect my poor—poor father. His crime was committed many years ago, in the heat of jealous fury, and after the greatest provocation—he has since, doubtless, repented it in all sincerity—but who can save him?"

"I can," replied Albert, with marked emphasis. "The secret lives or dies with me; but on your decision depends its suppression or its utterance."

"Then," cried Emily, "suppress it, and earn my grateful thanks and prayers."

"Is that all?" asked Albert sneeringly. "Why not say your *love?* It needs a rich bribe to prevent an *honest man* from doing his duty."

"What would you have of me?" asked the wretched girl.

"I would have *you*," replied the inexorable suitor—"you, in all your loveliness and youth; I would purchase, by your father's life, permission to revel on your fairy lips, to drink your breath, to play with the tangled tresses of your glossy hair. Yes, Emily, you must be mine."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the unhappy girl—"is there no avenue of escape?"

"None," replied Albert.

"And Luke!"

"Ha! ha! it will be a glorious triumph. The fond youth will hang himself. But better that than have your father dangle from a gibbet—eh, Emily!" And the wretch, with an impudent familiarity, took her hand. "So I may call this lovely hand mine?"

"I am yours," faintly sobbed the unfortunate girl.

"Joy of joys! Mine! Swear it."

"I swear it!" cried Emily, kneeling and raising her hands solemnly to heaven. "'Tis done!" she added, rising slowly and fixing a look of unutterable anguish on her companion; "I am yours."

"The vow is recorded in heaven!" thundered Albert, "and evil befall you, and death betide your father, if you break it. Ha!" he cried, looking through an opening in the shrubbery that surrounded them, "here comes my fool of a brother; I will conceal myself in these bushes, and hear you give the whining suitor his dismissal. But mark, do not betray by word or look my hiding-place, and see that you dismiss him without one parting kiss or one caress. Confusion! he has too often pressed those lips which I marked for mine from the beginning—*now* if you should allow it, it would be adulterous. Beware, therefore, and remember!"

He disappeared among the bushes, and his betrothed victim was left to await in agony the coming of that gentle and affectionate youth, on whom she had lavished the wealth of her innocent caresses. He approached and rushed joyfully to meet her.

"Dear Emily!" he exclaimed, before she could check him, "this is an unexpected pleasure; I did not expect to meet you here, but I came, at this sweet hour of the morning, to think of you in the spot where we have so often met."

"Where we must meet no more."

"You jest, Emily," said the young man.

"I speak in sober sadness," replied she. "Here, where we have so often met, we must part for ever."

"For ever, Emily! This is caprice."

"Luke, it is *destiny*. I have often told you that heaven would not smile on our love; and now it seems to frown in anger. So leave me—and for ever."

"Oh, heaven! what have I done to merit this?"

"Nothing—nothing, Luke. Do not think that I have failed to appreciate your noble nature! but I cannot explain further; you will know all too soon. I am surrounded by toils, and I cannot escape. Go—go—I entreat you, or it will be ill for both of us."

"Emily, I fear nothing but your loss. What shall tear me from you? Who? Ha! that thought! perhaps I have a rival!"

"Luke! Luke! do not speak thus—you madden—you distract me. Go, ask me for no explanation—but leave me, and seek to see me no more."

"Emily, you hate me."

"No, Luke, no—the rack could not make me say that—and in the agony of the present hour, I cannot utter it. *I do not hate you.*"

"Then we shall be happy—my Emily! my bride!"

"Hold! on your life—no more such language—it was sin in me to listen to it."

"I *will* use it, Emily. You love me, and in spite of every obstacle, you shall be mine."

"It cannot be!" cried Emily with energy. Then she added, turning her tearful eyes, full of the expression of unutterable anguish, on her lover, "I have sworn to marry another."

"Ha! ha! exclaimed Luke, frantically, "it is false! although *you* say it. You are mine—my promised bride; you have pledged yourself to me; you cannot desert me. The very thought of your perfidy drives me mad. My Emily! my bride! thus do I clasp and claim you for my own." And saying this, the impetuous young man rushed to the tearful girl and threw his arms around her waist.

One instant sufficed to transform the weak and weeping girl into a resolute, unyielding woman.

"Remove your hands!" she said, in tones so thrillingly commanding, with a gesture so queen-like, and a look so imperative, in spite of its anguish, that Luke felt awed and chilled as if he had placed his hand upon an icy statue. "I am the affianced of another," she continued, "and my person belongs to him. Go—I pardon you—I pity you—I—go, or I shall die before you."

"Emily!" cried Luke, "you speak riddles; your looks and your words are at variance. You are the victim of some wild delusion, but you are not the only victim. And must I lay to your account a broken heart? Is Emily, the soul of faith, inconstant? Farewell! if I linger here you will make me feel that I have no manhood. Farewell, if it must be so, for ever! I cannot understand this mystery; but I feel that I am duped and ruined."

At the conclusion of the sentence he stood a little while gazing at the compressed lips and working features of his companion, in speechless despair, and then, dashing his hand to his forehead, he fled from her presence without uttering a single groan.

Emily was alone; the traces of her high resolve had faded from her countenance; the energy which had supported her in pronouncing the inexorable decree against her lover had departed, and feeble, panting, failing, she leaned her head against the trunk of a tree in mute and tearful woe. She was roused by the touch of Albert Howard.

"Fair cousin," said he, "you have done nobly. Permit me one parting salute, and then I leave you—only for a short time, however. Fear not, pretty one, I shall soon return."

Meekly did the wretched girl submit to the pressure of his lips; humbly did she yield her hand to his clasp; and lowly did she incline, nor rise from her submissive posture until she was again alone. She lifted her eyes, looked around her, and then, with a low and smothered groan, fell upon her knees, and burying her face in her fair hands, wept unrestrained and bitterly.

There are some natures which can find a temporary remedy for grief in violent physical exertion and in rapid change of scene. When Luke took his leave of his mistress he strode wildly across the country, as if grief were a phantom stalking at his heels, from which he could escape by rapid motion. He noted not the charms of the weather and the scene; he turned a deaf ear to the musick of the birds and brooks; he saw nothing but the gloomy prospect that was spread out in futurity, and he heard nothing but the withering dismissal of his mistress. Her manner, nay, her half-confession, proved she loved him even while she had forsaken him for another. Another! and who was this unknown rival! Should he seek him out and compel him to resign his suit! Should he again present himself before Emily, against her express commands, and *demand* an explanation! Or was not this after all a mere caprice—a *ruse* to try him! He was perplexed and bewildered, and as one in a labyrinth, the more he strove to find the clue, and the deeper he pursued some ingenuous semblance, the more was he bewildered and the farther did he wander from his way. His mind became fatigued, and his judgment confused. But in the midst of his darkness, now and then a cheering ray would strike, a fragile hope spring up, or a dream beguile his weariness. Hour after hour did he pursue his conjectures, while at the same time he was wandering from home without noticing how far he went.

At length the approach of night found him weary and faint-hearted, at a remote part of his township. He sat down to rest himself in a grove which proclaimed by its long shadows the approach of sunset. The grass of the meadows had a brighter and a mellower tint, the waving tops of the forest-trees seemed more glittering than ever, and there was an amber radiance in the belt of the horizon. The sky above was of a deep blue, and the river below, catching with fidelity its hue, rolled a dark azure flood to meet the ocean. The distant lowing of the cattle came pleasantly upon the ear, and the last carol of the birds sounded more musical than ever.

Completely worn down with mental exertion and physical excitement, that deep sleep stole over Luke which is often the solace of the suffering, but rarely visits the guilty. How long he remained in this oblivious slumber he knew not, but when he awoke and arose, he perceived that the light of the sun had been withdrawn from the landscape, and that the twinkling stars

"Were holding their high festival in heaven."

The air, which was mild when he abandoned himself to sleep had changed, and a chilly breeze now came from the ocean, dimming the eastern portion of the landscape, and exerting its benumbing influence upon the frame of the young man. He shivered in the chill wind, and his spirits again sank with the depressing aspect of the heavens. He now thought of regaining his home, but a long and weary distance lay before him. By a strange fatality, he had now approached the cottage in which Angela and her old custodian resided. He shuddered when he reflected upon the probable situation of the poor girl, abandoned by his unfeeling and unprincipled brother, exposed, perhaps, to shame, to penury and sickness. He seemed impelled by a strange curiosity to pass the house, to see if lights were moving in it, to ascertain whether it was tenanted or lifeless. With this idea in his mind, he struck through the trees with long and

impatient strides. He had not gone far before his ear was startled by a piercing cry that broke upon the stillness of the night like the shriek of a perturbed spirit, and died away as suddenly as it had arisen. The youth paused a moment in uncertainty, and then he heard with horrour the following words, uttered in a female voice, half choked by agony and violence—

"Help! help! for the Virgin's sake!"

Brief and bitter as the supplication was, Luke recognized the voice of Angela, and springing forth, he stood before the cottage in an instant. A light gleamed from the long window of a lower bedroom that opened on the flower-garden. The cry had ceased, but a stifled groan was audible. He rushed to the window—it was fastened. He dashed through the glass, stood within the apartment, and beheld—a sight of horrour! Angela, in her night-dress, lay stretched upon the bed, her robe spotted with blood, and her fingers pressed tightly upon her breast, from which a stream of crimson ebbed too rapidly to be stanched. She was not dead, for her frame heaved convulsively, and her lips quivered as if striving to utter an entreaty or a prayer. One groan—one agonizing throw—and her spirit took its flight.

The murder of Angela created an overpowering sensation. The event brought her name and appearance to the recollection of all the citizens of Boston, and an interest was awakened in the friendless girl, now that she was no more, which few pretended to feel while she was in the land of the living. Her gentleness, grace and beauty, formed the theme of eulogy in the publick prints—her accomplishments were exaggerated, and her story related with all the embellishments of imagination and style. Her death invested it with a mysterious fascination. The perpetrator of the deed had been taken, but refused to confess his guilt, and had been fully committed for trial.

The day of trial had arrived, and the country town in which it was to take place was thronged at an early hour with people whose faces teemed with the expression of curiosity and excitement. The courthouse was surrounded by an immense crowd, all pressing toward the yet closed doors, thronging and thirsting for admittance. The moment the barrier was removed, a tide of human beings poured into the building and instantly filled it to suffocation. Threats, execrations, cries and groans resounded in the sacred hall of justice, till the bench, exerting its imperative authority, commanded its officers to clear the house of all superfluous members. The "select few" that remained, congratulated themselves on the privilege they enjoyed, and all eyes were bent upon the prisoner. A murmur ran throughout the vast hall, for many in that assemblage recognized in his handsome features the lineaments of Luke Howard. His forehead exhibited, it is true, traces of care, but there yet lurked about his handsome lips an expression indicating hope and innocence, which strongly prepossessed the beholders in his favour. There was one remarkable circumstance attending his situation—none of his family were seated near him, with the exception of his elder brother, who officiated as counsel for the prisoner. It is true that many of his young friends and acquaintances, with all of whom he was a favourite, and none of whom doubted his innocence, clustered in his vicinity, anticipating his triumphant acquittal.

We shall not attempt to detail the preliminary operations of the court, the empanelling of the jury, and other circumstances which impeded the opening of the case. The prosecuting attorney was a man of inflexible integrity, of a cute judgment and of a powerful and persuasive eloquence. He commented on the enormity of the offence, the guilty recklessness with which it was committed, and made even the youth of the prisoner operate against him, since the commission of such a crime in one so young displayed an innate depravity of heart. The soul of Luke was filled with gloom and indignation when he saw old Ursula take the stand as the principal witness against him. There was a slight tremulousness in her voice as she took the oath, for the eagle eye of Albert was upon her; but it might have arisen from the feebleness of age or the novelty of her situation. Her testimony was given in a firmer tone.

"She was the friend and servant of the deceased, who was a singer and actress. She had known her from her earliest youth, and she had been her benefactress rather than a mistress. She (Angela) had been visited by the prisoner, whose addresses she had rejected, as they were of a dishonourable nature. On the night of the murder the deceased had retired at her usual hour, in excellent health and spirits. Witness then went to bed herself. About ten o'clock was awoke by cries for help—recognized the voice of her mistress, got up, rushed to the door of her room and found it locked. Burst it open, entered, and found the prisoner bending over the bed. The deceased was lying on the bed in her night-dress, covered with blood—a stab in her breast, and one in her side. Witness said to prisoner—'Villain! you have murdered her!' and prisoner answered—'I know it, and I am satisfied.' A knife was found with the name of prisoner upon the handle. (Here the knife was produced.) Witness fled to a neighbour's house for assistance, and obtained it. Two men accompanied her back to the cottage, and one went for an officer. Prisoner seemed gloomy, and made no resistance, but yet denied his guilt."

The witness was subjected to a very severe cross-examination, which failed, however, of eliciting a single contradiction in her testimony. Other witnesses were introduced corroborating the statement with regard to the arrest of the prisoner, etc. After such stunning evidence the defence, of course, was lame and impotent. Witnesses were brought forward who testified to the general good character of the accused, but this vague testimony was of no avail.

The time arrived for the judge to charge the jury, which he did briefly and solemnly. There was no doubt, he said, of the credibility of the witness for the prosecution, there was not a shadow raised in the defence of the unfortunate prisoner, and it remained for them to declare their verdict. After an absence of fifteen minutes, the jury rendered an unanimous verdict of *guilty*. When the foreman pronounced the awful word, so overwhelming to the wretched prisoner, the numerous auditors, unmindful of the decorum of custom, and regardless of the reverence due to justice, all pitiless and passionate, testified their joy at their verdict by repeated and tumultuous applauses, which caused the unfortunate prisoner to low his head and conceal it in his hands. But high amidst the almost universal din of applause, arose the voice of a woman wailing as if her heart had been broken. The prisoner started to his feet, gazed wildly and pitifully around, and then, as silence fell again on the dense multitude, sank slowly to his seat. The judge demanded if he could show cause why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him. Thus addressed, the prisoner arose, and in a firm voice, spoke:

"I have only this to say, that I am innocent. Circumstances, I am aware, appear against me, and more than circumstantial evidence has induced my conviction. But I declare solemnly, before this tribunal, standing as I do upon the brink of inevitable fate, that I am *not guilty*. Time, which discovereth all things, will, in obedience to the mysterious decrees of heaven, eventually release my memory from the stain which will for a time rest darkly upon it, and reveal the real criminal to justice. For the purpose only known to Him, God hath brought me to this bitter pass, but I will neither murmur against his justice, nor revile the laws of my country, although by them I am doomed to an ignominious death. Standing as I do on the threshold of eternity, I am as incapable of falsehood as of fear, and when I look upon the inconceivable brightness of the world beyond, I can shut my eyes upon the blind hate of those who throng about me, eager for my life, and can die without a murmur. I will no longer trespass on the patience of my auditors. I have done."

It was with an effort and a feebleness of voice that the excellent judge, in pursuance of the dictates of his duty, pronounced sentence of death against the prisoner. As he concluded there was no murmur of applause, but again arose the wailing cry of a woman as before. Again the prisoner started to his feet and gazed piteously around upon the sea of faces: he encountered nothing but stern glances and looks of aversion, and he bowed his head upon his breast like one abandoned of the world.

The dull gray light of a cloudy morning streamed through the narrow window of the prisoner's cell and threw its light upon his pallid countenance, now ploughed with the furrows of care and bodily suffering. Yet, worn and wan as was that face, there was, strange as it may appear, a smile of satisfaction on the thin, pale lips.

"My sufferings," murmured the prisoner, "are soon to end. I shall soon stand at a mightier tribunal than that which has condemned me to the scaffold. Merciful heaven! accept my soul, innocent of this great crime for which I am to suffer at thy hands. Emily—but I must not think of her!"

His soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the jailer, who approached with an unwonted cheerfulness depicted on his rude uncomely countenance. Luke endeavoured to smile upon the man in gratitude for his show of courtesy.

"Come, now," said the myrmidon of the law, "that's what I likes—what I calls comfortable. I likes to see a lad keep up his spirits when he's nigh his latter end. Bless your soul, it is but a short cut out of the world; and that's better than dying by inches of a consumption or a fever."

"It is not death I fear," replied Luke: "but *such* a death—a death of shame!"

"A death of shame—wall, you mought have expected it. You oughtn't to have killed the gal. Confess, now, it was a bloody, cruel, piece of business!"

"Man!" cried Luke, "I tell you I am not guilty."

The fellow grinned from ear to ear. "Ay, ay," said he, "that 'ill do for the marines. I know it's the proper thing to say to the court, and the genteel thing to say on the drop, but between you and I there needn't be no secrets. I know the world a bit, my young one. Why, bless you, I wasn't always keeper of a prison; no, no, I've lightened pockets with the best of them, but I *peached* and was first made turnkey; and then, ye see, I riz by degrees. I havn't no spite against ye, though when I was in the profession I never used a knife myself. But you may as well confess to me!"

"I have no confession to make," returned Luke, doggedly.

"Well, it's all one for all that, your confession has been printed."

"What do you say!" exclaimed Luke, fiercely.

"Your confession has been printed, and I know the chap what'll make five hundred dollars by the speck. What's one man's meat's another's pison; howsomever, I upholds you for dying true blue."

"Your language offends me."

"Wall, I didn't mean to, squire. I come to see if I couldn't get nothing to please you; you can have the best the market affords, though you won't live long enough to digest it. Ha, ha! excuse me, I thought you'd like a bit of a jollification; I can get you brandy, gin or whiskey."

"I wish for nothing but to be alone."

"O ho! then perhaps you would like I shouldn't admit them people that come to take leave of you, for a whole squad have got a permit to see you."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know; a whole boodle of them."

"Well, let them all come in; I will show them that I can at least die with the firmness of a christian."

"A christian! erikee! I can't stand that," cried the jailer. "Why you're worse than Harry Blood, that sharpened his knife on the Bible to kill his father with;" and the fellow left the cell.

Again alone, the prisoner employed himself in earnest prayer, and when he rose from his devotions, felt his heart lighter and his manly resolution firmer. The rays of the sun piercing the mist, and shining through the narrow grate upon his person, seemed a happy omen—the smile of omnipotence cheering the last moments of his life. At an early hour the jailer admitted a visiter. It was a female. She was cloaked and veiled, but she flew into the arms of the prisoner, forgetful of the presence of the rude jantor who grinned as he witnessed the embrace.

"Emily!" cried the prisoner, "is it you!"

"Who else could it be!" murmured the poor girl. "Yes, though I be vowed to another, I have obtained his permission to visit you in this, your last hour."

"And Emily, do you still say you do not love me!"

"Luke, I never said it. And now, with sincerity I speak, I love you, I almost adore you. You are innocent, I know it; but you will die, I am sure of that. Oh Luke, and could nothing save you!"

"Nothing, nothing. Ah, Emily! how it would have soothed this hour to have heard you say that, wedded to my memory, you would never smile upon an earthly bridegroom."

"Alas, Luke, I am vowed and betrothed to another. And I could almost love him for his defence of you—for know he is your brother."

"My brother! can it be! Well, he *may* be to you what he was not to poor ——." He paused and stifled his emotions.

"And must you perish!" cried Emily.

"Indeed I must."

"Not on the scaffold, Luke. Hark, hist! bend thine ear lower. I have a dagger in my bosom—the very knife with which they say you stabbed the murdered girl."

"Ha! and I can free myself from this shame!"

"Yes, Luke; and you will do it, will you not, *dear* Luke!" inquired the agonized and bewildered girl.

"Give it me!"

"Here, take it."

She passed it to him, but Luke shook his head sadly and let it drop silently upon the floor, where it lay unnoticed.

"Emily," said he, "it must not be. Should I die by my own hand, I should forfeit my claim to that paradise in which I hope that we shall meet in bliss together."

"Noble, heroick youth!" cried Emily, "I am unworthy of you, and it is right that I should wed another. But hist! let me shroud my face, they are coming—they are coming."

The party now admitted into the cell consisted of the father and brother of the prisoner. They approached and silently shook hands with him.

"Luke," said the colonel, "Albert would fain persuade me that you are guilty only of loving the murdered girl improperly."

Luke fixed his eye upon his elder brother as he answered: "Of that, too, I am innocent."

"Well," said the stern father, "we shall not dispute about that; you have brought shame upon us, Luke Howard, but I, even I, cannot forget that I am the author of your being; my blessing may be of no avail, yet take it."

The prisoner was moved to tears by the unwonted kindness of his father. He pressed his hand against his heart, and covered it with his kisses and his tears. Emboldened by the expression of his father, as he lifted his eyes to his countenance, Luke said, "My father, yonder stands the poor girl whom I wished to wed—Emily, whom you destined for my brother. Be a father to her when I am no more; and do you, Albert, forget the past and devote yourself to her. You well know what I mean, Albert, for we can read each other's souls."

The sobs of Emily were heard as the elder brother advanced and took her hand. At that moment her father entered the cell in haste and disorder.

"Away!" he cried to his daughter, snatching her hand from the grasp of Albert. "Away! you shall never wed Albert Howard; dark, treacherous, deceitful as his father! You, poor boy," he said to Luke, "whom I hate not as I do your wretched father, and still more wretched brother, had you lived you should have wedded her. But fate has decided otherwise; still let it comfort your dying moments to know that the hand once plighted to you shall never be given to another. Speak not Emily, it is your duty to obey."

"There is something in that voice," muttered Colonel Howard, "that tells me you are not unknown to me. Once before a dark suspicion crossed my mind."

"Know me!" cried Ashburn, striding up to him. "I am your brother! your younger brother, Guy Howard. You bear upon your breast a token of my fraternal love. The brothers have met before as they meet now, in hate, but with a sterner greeting."

"Beware, beware!" cried the colonel, "or I will denounce you."

"At your peril, Gilbert. Ha, ha! what say you now? Have I lived in vain! No, no! I have lived to see your pride humbled to the dust, and your youngest child, which should have been mine, for his mother was my plighted bride, perish on the scaffold."

"No, no," cried Emily, "it must not be, he is innocent!"

"He *is*," cried Albert, staring around him with a ghastly air. "He *is, I know it*."

"And you could not save him," said Emily, reproachfully.

"I *will*," replied Albert, drawing hard his breath, and speaking through his teeth.

"It is too late," said the jailer, "for here comes the sheriff."

A cry of horrour arose from the wretched Emily as the officer and his attendants entered, but his business was mercy.

"The prisoner is reprieved," said the functionary. An awful disclosure has been made. The witness against him was perjured, and he may be innocent. I arrest you," he added, laying his hand upon Albert.

"Right," said Albert, "I *am* the criminal."

The effect of this avowal may be easily conceived. The prisoner started to his feet, the wretched father uttered a cry of horrour, and Emily sprang to the side of Luke.

"You confess your crime," said the sheriff.

"I do," replied Albert. "I was married to my wretched victim. Start not, father, it is true. I soon wearied of her love, and sacrificed her to my hate when she stood in the way of my union with another. You, poor youth, was led by chance to the chamber of crime; with his dagger I done the deed, and he was found alone with the deceased. The witness was bribed, and I, by pretending to defend my brother and my victim, prevented the wretched woman from shrinking or faltering from contradiction or detection. I defended the prisoner; confess that was a master-stroke, worthy of the arch-fiend! Search my papers and you will find convincing evidences of my guilt. Luke, I do not ask forgiveness; sheriff, I shall disappoint you and the gaping world of a spectacle."

"Seize, search, and disarm him!" cried the sheriff.

Ere the order could be executed, Albert darted upon the knife which had fallen unnoticed on the floor, and gave himself a mortal wound. Then drawing forth the weapon, he exclaimed, "Twas with this knife I murdered Angela—this knife has avenged her!" The words had no sooner parted from his lips than he fell, self-sacrificed, and died. A cry of horrour filled the cell.

After a legal investigation, Luke Howard was formally released from custody, and received by his friends with every demonstration of joy. But although freed from the bitterness of an ignominious death, the dark cloud that overhung his family shut out every ray of hope. His brother had perished by his own hand, leaving a memory blackened by the darkest crimes; his father appeared fast declining day by day; and his uncle, self-proscribed, had fled a second time from his country, leaving his unhappy child behind him. There is no grief, however, which can resist the healing influence of time, and when many months had rolled on, Luke and Emily were united; and although both bore traces of the ravages of grief, still, sustained by by mutual affection and by the sweet consolations of religion, their sorrow softened into persiveness and their doubts melted into love. The colonel lived long enough to see them happy, and expired giving them his blessing. After this event and the departure of the colonel's lady for the South, the new-married pair took up their abode in the ancestral mansion of the Howards; but they shortly left it to reside abroad.

F. A. DURIVAGE.

YOUNG MEN BEWARE.—We heard of an old gentleman once who had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young buck went a wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." Upon application to the old fellow for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to get into his family, he might marry the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.—*Carolina Gazette.*

PLEASURES OF SHOPPING.

One of the most vexatious processes, as far as we are aware, to which a man can be subjected, is to have to accompany a lady on a shopping excursion. It must, of course, be presumed that the gentleman and lady are not lovers, for then the complexion of the case is totally changed. But suppose it be a cool sensible man of some thirty-five or forty, accompanying a wife to whom he has been united for the better part of a dozen years; then is the case truly one of torment. In the first place he gets ready exactly at the time appointed, and has to wait half an hour before she is ready to appear. This time he spends in a state of ineffable fume and fret, with umbrella in hand and coat buttoned, dancing between the lobby and parlour, sending to see if she is not ready yet, calculating how he could have employed his time otherwise to the advantage of his patrimonial interest, stamping to keep his feet warm, as he thinks, brushing his hat for the fifth time, comparing his watch with the lobby clock, threatening not to wait any longer, and vowing he will never engage to go with her again. At last she comes down stairs, with all the coolness imaginable, wondering how he could be impatient; and off they set. The matters of business in which he is mainly interested refer to shops in distant parts of the town; and, in proceeding thither he has to accompany her into others, where she has affairs to manage, in which he is not interested at all. She has a certain kind of riband to buy in one shop, a certain piece of lace to be matched in another, a pair of silk mits to be got in a third; all of them affairs of the greatest importance to her, requiring full time for deliberation, choice and chaffering, and to the details of which he is forced to be witness, as well as to the sufferings of the unfortunate fellow-men whom Providence has ordained to stand from morning to night in those magazines of feminine evanescences, to be bored with female frivolity and unpleasableness. A full quarter of an hour is spent in each spot, during which some twenty drawers and as many shelves are ransacked and tumbled into confusion; and incessant chatter has been kept up; he has been fretting between the chair at the end of the counter and the door, and the shopkeeper has exhausted every phrase of recommendation in behalf of his goods, and every phrase of civility in deference to the lady; when, at last, he sees some such sum as ten pence paid for a trifle wrapped up in thin white paper, and leaves the place with the feelings of a man who has been party to one of the shabbiest transactions that ever was committed. Thus he goes on for an hour or two, his only choice being between lingering within the shop, there to be inculpated in such disgraceful doings as these, and lounging without, there to be jostled by the crowd and chilled by the damp pavement, till he has not a spark of manly dignity or vigour left in his composition. And, after all, the affairs in which he is really interested have yet to be attended to. At the conclusion of the business, it is likely he finds, that, left to himself, he could have executed in half an hour what, in company with a time-destroying wife, it has cost him the better part of the day to accomplish. As to wear and tear of temper, the matter is too metaphysical to bear calculation; but every man who has ever gone a shopping in such circumstances must have a perfect idea of it; and he who has not, let him content himself with supposing it to be great, and not think of putting the thing to proof—a piece of conduct of which we could only say, that, compared with it, that of a boy who hanged himself to see what hanging was like, was legitimate and philosophical curiosity.

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a post-coach. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them gray-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished his fellow-passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life, and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who said that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for seventy years—adding, that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from political or religious controversies—and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less gray, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly upright conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How," exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life—where there is one wrinkle on your brow there are fifteen on that of each of your juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long life?" "It is no mystery," said the old man, "I have drank water and wine—I have eat meat and have eat vegetables—I have held a publick office—I have dabbled in politicks and have written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but, I always paid promptly for my newspapers."

THE LAKE FISHERIES.

Few persons, except those engaged in or connected with the business, are aware of the extent and value of the Lake fisheries. They are a source of production which ought not to be overlooked, in estimating the resources of the country bordering upon the Lakes. There are no published statisticks of this trade, so far as we know, nor any records, from which the quantity of fish put up for market can be accurately estimated. Estimates only can be given, and these may be more or less correct, according to the accuracy of the information on which they are based. Lake fish form a staple article of provision at all the Lake ports. The principal kinds are white-fish and Mackinaw trout. The latter, a delicious fish, resembles the salmon trout, and are possibly the same. They vary in size from five pounds or under to fifty or sixty pounds weight. Besides these, there are pike, pickerel, and different kinds of bass, the cisquet or cisquevet of Lake Superiour, a fine fish, like the mackerel in appearance and flavour, but larger; and the muscalonge, also a delicious fish, weighing sometimes fifty or sixty pounds. The cisquet is scarcely known in market, as they are caught only in Lake Superiour; and few have been put up. The muscalonge is not in Lake Erie; in the other Lakes it is caught in large quantities, and is sold fresh. There are other kinds of fish, but those named are the chief and the most valuable. Very few white-fish are taken in Lake Erie; and, we believe, no trout. Pike, pickerel and bass are caught in abundance about the islands in the upper part of the Lake, and in the Maumee Bay and river. These are salted in considerable quantities. In Detroit river, the same kind are found as in Lake Erie, and white-fish are caught to some extent. In Lake Huron and Michigan, and the strait of Mackinaw, trout, white-fish, and other kinds are caught in abundance. The Thunder Bay Islands, a group near Thunder Bay, in Lake Huron; the Beaver, Fox, and Manitou Islands, near the foot of Lake Michigan, and Twin rivers, on the western shore, are the principal fisheries of these two Lakes. Fish are caught, however, at other places in the Lakes. They are also caught in the vicinity of Mackinaw, in abundance; about the small islands in the straits, and at point St. Ignace. It is supposed that these fish might be taken in Green Bay. A year or two since, some persons caught a very large quantity of trout at Sturgeon Bay, in winter, fishing with a hook through the ice. They piled up their fish, intending to carry them frozen to Navarino to be salted. But a sudden thaw spoiled the speculation. In St. Mary's river, at and below the Sault, the same kinds of fish are caught in plenty. But Lake Superiour furnishes not only the largest and finest flavoured, but the greatest abundance of fish. Until within two or three years the fisheries of that Lake have been unimproved, if not unknown; and it is supposed that they are now not half explored. Immense quantities have been taken upon Lake Superiour for two or three years past; it is said that these are mostly caught about the group of Islands, known as the "Twelve Apostles," near the head of the Lake. But little is known about this, however, as the trade of Superiour is in fact monopolized by the American Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company. There is no mode of going up this Lake except in the vessels of one of these companies, and the American Fur Company does not permit adventurers a passage in its vessels. Two schooners have been heretofore employed upon Lake Superiour; one belonging to each of these companies. A new one was built the last spring by the American Fur Company, so that there are now three. When the canal around the Sault de St. Marie shall be finished, it is likely there will be a rush of competition for the business of Lake Superiour. Whether the expectations of those who are sanguine will be realized, as to the extent and value of the trade thus to be opened, time will determine. Furs are growing scarce upon the shore, it is said; fish are abundant; and whether there are minerals upon the shore worth digging for, is disputed. But when the ship canal is complete, Lake Superiour and the country around it, will be minutely explored, and its resources, whatever they may be, ascertained.—*Cleveland Herald.*

LA MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

Here is a portrait by the accomplished member for Lincoln not inferiour to that drawn by Molière;—Mr. Courtland, a stout man, still preserving his rosy hues and comely features, sat in a large chair, close by the centre-window, which was open. He rose and shook Walter by the hand with great cordiality. "Sit down, sit down," he said; "pray come near the window; do you not find it dreadfully close; not a breath of air! This house is so choked up. Don't you find it so; eh! Oh! I see you can scarcely gasp." "My dear sir, you are mistaken; I am rather cold; nor did I ever in my life see a more airy house than yours." "I try to make it so, but I can't succeed. If you had seen what it was when I first bought it! A garden here, sir, a copse there, a complete wilderness! at the back, and a row of chestnut-trees in the front. You may conceive the consequence, sir; I had not been long here, not two years, before my health was gone, sir. The cursed vegetable-life sucked it out of me. The trees kept away all the air. I was nearly suffocated without at first guessing the cause. But at length, though not till I had been withering away for five years, I discovered the origin of my malady. I went to work, sir; I plucked up the cursed garden; I cut down the infernal chesnuts; I made a bowling-green of the diabolical wilderness; but I fear it is too late. I am dying by inches. The malaria has effectually tainted my constitution." Here Mr. Courtland heaved a deep sigh, and shook his head with a most gloomy expression of countenance. "Indeed, sir," said Walter, "I should not, to look at you, imagine that you suffered under any complaint. You seem still the same picture of health that my uncle describes you to have been when you knew him so many years ago." "Yes, sir, yes; the confounded malaria fixed the colour of my cheeks; the blood is stagnant, sir. Would to heaven I could see myself a shade paler! The blood does not flow. I am like a pool in a citizen's garden, with a willow at each corner; but a truce to my complaints! You see, sir, I am no hypochondriack, as my fool of a doctor wants to persuade me; a hypochondriack shudders at every breath of air, trembles when the door opens, and looks upon a window as the source of death. But I, sir, never can have enough of air; thorough draught or east wind, it is all the same to me, so that I do but breathe. Is that like hypochondria? Pshaw! You look feverish, sir. Surely, this room must effect you, though you are too polite to say so. Pray, open that door, and then this window, and put your chair right between the two; you have no notion how refreshing the draught is!" Walter politely declined the proffered ague, and thinking he had now made sufficient progress in the acquaintance of this singular hypochondriack to introduce the subject he had most at heart, hastened to speak of his father.—*Bulwer.*

APPARATUS FOR PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER.

Every London newspaper of the first class has—

An editor with a yearly salary of from six hundred pounds to one thousand pounds.

A sub-editor with a yearly salary of from four hundred pounds to six hundred pounds.

From ten to fourteen regular reporters, paid from four to six guineas weekly.

From thirty to thirty-five compositors in the printing-office.

Several persons to read and correct the proofs.

A certain number of men and boys to attend the printing machine.

A publisher and sub-publisher.

A number of clerks in the office to receive advertisements and keep accounts.

Various other individuals engaged in subordinate duties.

The cost of reporting generally amounts to upwards of three thousand pounds yearly.

The salaries paid weekly to editors, reporters and others do not fall short of one hundred and eighty pounds.

Add the expenses of occasional reporting, the cost of foreign newspapers and correspondents, and the sums paid for expresses, etc. etc. and the total weekly expenditures can be hardly estimated under two hundred and fifty pounds, or thirteen thousand pounds per annum—about sixty thousand dollars.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A WELCOME TO DECEMBER.

Original.

"And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember."

WELCOME—Ancient of the year!
Though thy face be pale and drear,
Though thine eye be veil'd in night,
Though thy scatter'd locks be white,
Though thy feeble form be bow'd
In the mantle of the cloud—
Yet, December, with thee come
All the old delights of home;
Lovelier never stole the hour
In the summer's rosy bower,
Than around thy social hearth
When the few we love on earth,
With their hearts of holiday,
Meet to laugh the night away;
Talking of the thousand things
That to time give swiftest wings;
Not unmix'd with memories dear
Such as, in a higher sphere,
Might bedim an angel's eye,
Feelings of the day gone by;
Of the friends who made a part
Of our early heart of heart;
Thoughts that still around us twine
With a chasten'd wo divine.
But when all are wrapp'd in sleep,
Let me list the whirlwind's sweep,
Rushing through the forest hoar
Like a charging army's roar.
Or, with thoughts of riper age,
Wonder o'er some splendid page,
Writ as with the burning coal,
Transcript of the Grecian's soul!
Or the ponderous tomes unhasp
Where a later spirit's grasp,
Summon'd from a loftier band,
Spite of rack, and blade, and brand,
With the might of Miracle
Rent the more than Pagan veil;
And disclosed to mankind's eyes
God's true pathway to the skies.
Every autumn leaf has fled,
But a nobler tree has shed
Nobler scions from its bough;
Pale Mortality! 'tis thou
That hast flung them on the ground
In the year's mysterious round!
Thou that hadst the great "To come,"
Thing of terrour!—Darkness!—Tomb!
Oh! for some celestial one,
That has through thy portals gone!
To pour upon our cloudy eye
The vision—what it is—"to die."
Yet, no seraph traveller
Bends his starry pinions here;
Since the birth of hoary Time,
All is silent, stern, sublime,
All is silent, unknown!
Father! may thy will be done!
Let me die, or let me live,
KING OF SPIRITS! but—forgive!

FUNERALS IN ROME.

There is much solemnity in funerals in Rome, where the church steps in at once and takes possession of the deceased as under its protection, under the sanctity of its religious authority; and if it makes an exhibition, it is with authority; and this proclamation has holiness in it. All that is not ecclesiastical is kept out of sight. There is nothing intermediate between the deceased and the church. The undertaker interferes not, intrudes not in it, to spoil all. Death, it is true, reigns for the hour; but religion triumphs. The church certifies the triumph and the resurrection. I well remember, how much I was once affected by an exhibition of this kind, on the very first night of my entering Rome. It was dark; a singularly impressive cry attracted my attention. I was led by the sound some distance, I knew not where, for I was totally unacquainted with the city. I found myself in a large and long street, at the farther end of which I could see many torches, and heard a constant repetition of the cry. I waited, leaning against a large pillar, until the procession should reach me. It did so, and passed in great order; first came the several religious orders, all bearing torches, as I should suppose, in number many hundreds. Then a single figure, a miserable friar, of some low order, apparently, barefooted, with his cord round his waist, bearing on his back a common coffin-shell, totally unornamented; in fact, a few poor boards tacked together; immediately after him, a sumptuous and highly-raised car, or bier, on the front and lower part of which was a splendid display of armorial bearings, and above the body. It was a lady, of a fine person and noble and handsome aspect. She lay extended; her hands joined, as in prayer; her face, her hands and her feet, naked and uncovered; the rest of her person appeared in a stole of black, and such as showed the beauty of her form. She appeared to be about thirty years of age. Her countenance I shall never forget; it was extremely placid, pale, had no sunken and worn character, as if disease had touched it. You could scarcely believe there was not consciousness remaining; or whether remaining, as of the world left, or imparted as of the new world, were the doubt. It passed; and then followed a long train similar to that which preceded the body, of monks and friars, and all religious orders numberless, with torches, and singing, as they passed, "The Miserere," as did the whole procession. I did not follow to the church, for I was afraid of losing my way; and I had heard strange tales of the streets of Rome, which deterred me. In this case the parade lost its vanity and pride, for it seemed less of the individual than of human grandeur in the abstract, and that set up even by the church itself as a broad text upon death, and humility, and all things, rather to be offered than displayed at the foot of the cross, in the sanctuary to which the procession was moving. How contemptible did all the funerals I had ever seen, in which display was affected, seem after this! There is much in the idea that no unhallowed hands touch the body; be it so, or not, you are persuaded it is the case. There is no vulgar intervention between life, death and the tomb. Every act, after the breath has departed, is of sanctity and religious rite.

OLD AGE.

Age will superciliously censure all who are younger than themselves, and the vices of the present time as new and unheard-of, when, in truth, they are the very same they practised, and practised as long as they were able.

SONGS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA.

LOVE THEE, DEAREST!

Musick by Charles E. Horn—Words by George P. Morris.

I.

Love thee, dearest!—Hear me.—Never
Will my fond vows be forgot!
May I perish, and for ever,
When, dear maid, I love thee not!
Then turn not from me, dearest!—Listen!
Banish all thy doubts and fears!
And let thine eyes with transport glisten!
What hast thou to do with tears!

II.

Dry them, dearest!—Ah believe me
Love's bright flame is burning still!
Though the hollow world deceive thee,
Here's a heart that never will!
Dost thou smile!—A cloud of sorrow
Breaks before Joy's rising sun!
Wilt thou give thy hand!—To-morrow
Hymen, dearest, makes us one!

ORIGINAL PENCILLINGS.

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE books and the musick came safe to hand, dear doctor, but I trust we are not to stand upon *quid-pro-quosities*. The barrel of buckwheat not only cost me nothing, but I have had my uses of it in the raising, and can no more look upon it as *value*, than upon a flower which I pluck to smell, and give away when it is faded. I have sold some of my crops for the oddity of the sensation, and I assure you it is very much like being paid for dancing when the ball is over. Why, consider the offices this very buckwheat has performed. There was the trust in Providence in the purchase of the seed—*a sermon*. There was the exercise and health in ploughing, harrowing and sowing—*prescription* and *pill*. There was the performance of the grain, its sprouting, its flowering, its earing, and its ripening—a great deal more amusing than *a play*. Then there was the harvesting, thrashing, fanning and grinding—a sort of pastoral collection, publication and purgation by criticism. Now suppose your clergyman, your physician, your favourite theatrical corps, your publisher, printer and critick, thrashed and sold in bags for six shillings a bushel! I assure you the cases are similar, except that the buckwheat makes probably the more savoury cake.

The new magazine was welcome; the more, that it brought back to me my own days of rash adventure in such ticklish craft, with a pleasant sense of deliverance from its risk and toil. The imprint of "No. I., Vol. I.," reads to me like a bond for the unreserved abandonment of time and soul. Truly, youth is wisely provided with little forethought, and much hope. What child would learn the alphabet if he could see at a glance the toil that lies behind it? I look upon the fresh type and read the sanguine prospectus of this new-born monthly, and remember, with astonishment, the thoughtlessness with which, years ago, I launched, in the same gay colours, such a venture on the wave. It is a voyage that requires plentiful stores, much experience of the deeps and shallows of the literary seas, and a hand at every halliard; yet, to abandon my simile, I proposed to be publisher and editor, critick and contributor; and I soon found that I might as well have added *reader* to my manifold offices. No one who has not tried this vocation can have any idea of the difficulty of procuring the light, yet condensed; the fragmented, yet finished; the good-tempered and gentlemanly, yet high-seasoned and dashing papers necessary to a periodical. A man who can write them can, in our country, put himself to a more profitable use—and does. The best magazine writer living, in my opinion, is Edward Everett; and he governs a state with the same time and attention which in England, perhaps, would be cramped to contributing to a review. Calhoun might write wonderfully fine articles. Legaré, of Charleston, has the right talent, with the learning. Crittenden, of the Senate, I should think might have written the most brilliant satirical papers. But these, and others like them, are men the country and their own ambition cannot spare. There is a younger class of writers, however, and though the greater number of these, too, fill responsible stations in society, separate from general literature, they might be induced, probably, were the remuneration adequate, to lend their support to a periodical "till the flower of their fame shall be more blown." Among them are Felton and Longfellow, both professors at Cambridge; and Sumner and Henry Cleaveland, lawyers of Boston—a knot of writers who sometimes don the cumbrous armour of the North American Review, but who would show to more advantage in the lighter harness of the monthlies. I could name twenty more to any one interested to know them, all valuable allies to a periodical; but no literary man questions that. We have in our country talent enough, if there were the skill and means to put it judiciously together.

The "American Museum," the new-born monthly which has stirred these memories, has certainly put out a first number of uncommon cleverness. I tell you so circumstantially, dear doctor, because the leaves were uncut, and I presume you sent it to me unread. It has a paper on the fabulous Atlantis, full of ingenuity and humour; and in a tale called Ligeia, (by Mr. Poe,) there is a fine march of description, which has a touch of D'Israeli's quality, and is worthy of a more intelligible sequel. The critical papers show learning and good taste, and, (as usual,) the poetry is the indifferent feature. Yet, what an advent to the muses it would be if it were otherwise, when in this one number there are some nineteen deliberate flights *towards* Parnassus. Yet one or two of these nineteen are fairly flown, the editor's for one. Then here is a true thought from that true spirit, Rufus Dawes:

> "Men drew a picture, false in light and shade,
> And held it up as his similitude,
> And Byron chose *to be* the thing they made."

And in as pretty a bit of plagiarism as you would wish to see, here is a neat example of the expansibility of poetical gold:

> The mellow moon loves crystal brooks,
> She wraps them in her silver zone:
> Each wavelet to the goddess looks,
> And humbly worships her alone;
> While from her azure throne on high,
> Midst boundless space and stormy mazes,
> The orb in silent majesty
> On every limpid streamlet gazes.

All of which you see is got out of Moore's pure ore:

> "The moon looks
> On many brooks,
> The brook can see no moon but this."

Coleridge and others have mourned over the age of reviews, as the downfall and desecration of authorship; but I am inclined to think authors gain more than they lose, by the facility of criticism. What chance has a book on a shelf, waiting to be called for by the purchaser uninformed of its merits, to one whose beauties and defects have been canvassed by these Mercury-winged messengers, volant and universal as the quickest news of the hour! How slow and unsympathetick must have been the progress of a reputation, when the judicious admirer of a new book could but read and put it by, expressing his delight, at farthest, to his immediate friend or literary correspondent! The apprehensive and honest readers of a book are never many—but in our days, if it reach but one of these, what is the common outlet of his enthusiasm? Why, a trumpet-tongued review, that makes an entire people partakers of his appreciation, in the wax and wane of a single moon. Greedily as all men and women devour books, ninety-nine in a hundred require them to be first cut up, liable else, like children at their meals, to swallow the wrong morsel. Yet, like children still, when the good is pointed out, they digest it as well as another, and so is diffused an understanding, as well as prompt admiration of the author. For myself, I am free to confess I am one of those who like to take the first taste of an author in a good review. I look upon the reviewer as a sensible friend, who came before me to the feast, and recommends me the dish that has most pleased him. There is a fellowship in agreeing that it is good. I have often wished there were a Washington among the criticks—some one upon whose judgment, freedom from paltry motives, generosity and fairness, I could pin my faith blindly and implicitly. Dilke, of the London Athenæum, is the nearest approach to this character, and a good proof of it is an order frequently given, (a London publisher informed me,) by country gentlemen:—"Send me everything the Athenæum praises." Though a man of letters, Dilke is not an author, and, by the way, dear doctor, I think in that lies the best qualification, if not the only chance for the impartiality of the critick. How few authors are capable of praising a book by which their own is thrown into shadow. "Why does Plato never mention Zenophon? and why does Zenophon inveigh against Plato?"

But I think there is less to fear from jealousy, than from the want of sympathy between writers on different subjects, or in different styles. D'Israeli* the elder, from whom I have just quoted, sounds the depth of this matter with the very plummet of truth. "Every man of genius has a manner of his own; a mode of thinking and a habit of style; and usually decides on a work as it approximates or varies from his own. When one great author depreciates another, it has often no worse source than his own taste. The witty Cowley despised the natural Chaucer; the cold, classical Boileau, the rough sublimity of Crebillon; the refining Marivaux, the familiar Molière. The deficient sympathy in these men of genius, for modes of feeling opposite to their own, was the real cause of their opinions; and thus it happens that even superiour genius is so often liable to be unjust and false in its decisions."

Apropos of English periodicals, we get them now almost wet from the press, and they seem far off and foreign no longer. But there is one (to me) melancholy note in the Pæan with which the Great Western was welcomed. *In literature we are no longer a distinct nation.* The triumph of Atlantick steam navigation has driven the smaller drop into the larger, and London has become the centre. Farewell nationality! The English language now marks the limits of a new literary empire, and America is a suburb. Our themes, our resources, the disappearing savage, and the retiring wilderness, the free thought, and the action as free, the spirit of daring innovation, and the irreverant question of usage, the picturesque mixture of many nations in an equal home, the feeling of expanse, of unsubserviency, of distance from time-hallowed authority and prejudice—all the elements which were working gradually, but gloriously, together to make us a nation by ourselves, have, in this approximation of shores, either perished for our using, or slipped in the clutch of England. What effect the now near and jealous criticism of that country will have upon our politics is a deeper question, but our literature is subsidized at a blow. Hitherto we have been to them a strange country; the few books that reached them they criticised with complimentary jealousy, or with the courtesy due a stranger, while our themes and our political structures were looked on with the advantage of distance, undemeaned by acquaintance with sources or familiarity with details. While all our material is thrown open to English authors, we gain nothing in exchange, for with the instinct of descendants, we have continued to look back to our fathers, and our conversance with the wells of English literature was as complete as their own.

The *young* American author is the principal sufferer by the change. Imagine an actor compelled to make a *début* without rehearsal, and you get a faint shadow of what he has lost. It was some advantage, let me tell you, dear doctor, to have run the gauntlet of criticism in America before being heard of in England. When Irving and Cooper first appeared as authors abroad, they sprung to sight like Minerva, full-grown. They had seen themselves in print, had reflected and improved upon private and publick criticism, and were made aware of their faults before they were irrevocably committed on this higher theatre. Keats died of a rebuke to his puerilities, which, had it been administered here, would have been borne up against with the hope of a higher appeal and new effort. He might have been the son of an *American* apothecary, and never be told by an *English* critick to "return to his gallipots." The Atlantick was, hitherto, a friendly Lethe, in which the sins of youth, (so heavily and unjustly visited on aspirants to fame,) were washed out and forgotten. The American, "licked into shape" by the efficient tongues of envy and jealousy at home, stepped ashore in England, wary and guarded against himself and others. The book by which he made himself known, might have been the successful effort after twenty failures, and it met with the indulgence of a first. The cloud of his failures, the remembrance of his degradations by ridicule, were left behind. His practised skill was measured by others' beginnings.

We suffer, too, in our social position, in England. We have sunk from the stranger to the suburban or provincial. In a year or two every feature and detail of our country will be as well known to English society as those of Margate and Brighton. Our similarity to themselves in most things will not add to their respect for us. We shall have the second place accorded to the indigenous society of well-known places of resort or travel, and to be an American will be in England like being a Maltese or an East Indian—every way inferiour, in short, to a metropolitan of London.

You see, my dear doctor, how I make my correspondence with you serve as a trap for my stray thoughts, and you will say, that in this letter, I have caught some that might as well have escaped. But as the immortal Jack "turned" even "diseases to commodity," and as "*la superiorité est une infirmité sociale*," perhaps you will tolerate my dulness or consider it a polite avoidance of your envy. Write me better or worse, however, and I will shape a welcome to it.

* In an old number of the Hibernian Magazine, published in 1799, I have chanced to light upon a notice of the first beginnings in literature of D'Israeli the elder, who was then but a few years older than the author of Vivian Grey, (his son,) is now. It may be interesting to preserve it here.

"D'Israeli was the son of a respectable Italian merchant, who long resided in England. He was educated at Amsterdam, and having made the tour of France and Italy, returned with a valuable library of French and Italian books, and a confirmed taste for French literature. His first avowed performance is the "Poetical Epistle on the Abuse of Satire," which was written, it appears, to gratify a certain man of letters who was his neighbour, and who smarted under the scourge of Peter Pindar. This effusion afterwards procured him the friendship of Dr. Wolcott. In 1790 he addressed a poem entitled "A Defence of Poesy," to the Laureat of England. The whole edition, except the few copies sold, was burnt by the author, undeservedly, it seems, for the Monthly Review praises it highly. In 1791 he published his Curiosities of Literature. In 1793 he produced his Dissertation on Anecdotes, in which he vindicates the detailer of anecdotes from the charge of being a literary trifler. This was followed, in 1795, by his Essay on the Literary Character. In 1796 he produced a volume of miscellanies; his last performance was a philosophical novel, in two volumes, called *Vaurien*. The object was to satirize certain literary monstrocities which have lately been obtruded upon the publick. Some of the game was doubtless fair; a few of the characters were, however, too much overstrained and caricatured. He is at this time, (1799,) engaged upon a work which, from a published specimen, promises considerably to exalt his reputation. It is to consist of several romances, embellished with original poetry. Mr. D'Israeli is unmarried, and at this time about thirty-one years of age. His habits and connexions are strictly literary. Few read and write more. Scarcely any compose with equal rapidity

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

WEATHER PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM COX.

THE WET DAY.

THE wet day! It is somewhat of an unpromising subject—dull, thick, murky, ungenial; "clouds and vapours rest upon it." Pooh! If a scribbler's brain happens to be out of order—in an unfertile state—uncreative, without light and delectable fancies dancing about in the region thereof, he has no business to complain of his subject. Look what others have done.

The delightful works of Washington Irving, rich as they are in felicitous descriptions, perhaps do not furnish any single one where greater artistical skill is displayed than in the sketch of the rainy Sunday at a country inn, which ushers in the capital legend of the "Stout Gentleman." There can be no objection to giving it. Most people like to read a favourite passage in the shape of a quotation, (for which subtle reasons can be adduced,) and there *may* be some who have never seen it. Here it is:—"A wet Sunday at a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The window of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail, matted, as if it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dosing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his head out of a window, with

the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor." What say you, reader. Observe the masterly handling of every-day materials; the lightness yet firmness of touch; the minute (without being tedious) fidelity to nature; the exquisite delicacy of finish; the taste, the judgment combined in the production of this little gem; and if any one fancies that because it reads easily and smoothly it is no such wonderful matter, let him try his hand at a passage in a similar vein. Very much easier is it to be dazzling, antithetical, flighty, startling, fantastical, mystical, and so on, than to finish a page in this style.

Dean Swift, in his "Description of a City Shower," has thought proper to forestall pretty nearly all the good things likely to be said touching the descent of water upon streets, lanes, courts and alleys. "Sweet Charity forbids" our exclaiming with the mussulman—"Accursed be those who have said our good things before us!" and besides, Modesty whispers that had the dean not said these good things, they would probably have remained unsaid. His description, written one hundred and twenty years ago, is still true to nature, for nature is true to herself, and water comes down now pretty much as it used to do. We subjoin a portion—

> "Meanwhile the south, rising with dappled wings,
> A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
> That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
> And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
> Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
> Whilst the first drizzling shower is borne aslope,
> Such is that sprinkling which some careless queen
> Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
> You, flying, wipe your face, then turning stop
> To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop:
> Nor yet the dust has shunn'd the unequal strife,
> But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
> And, wafted with its foe, by violent gust,
> 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
> Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
> When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
> Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain,
> Erects the nap and leaves a cloudy stain.
>
> Now, in continuous drops, the flood comes down,
> Threatening with deluge the devoted town.
> To shops, in crowds, the draggled females fly,
> Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
> The lawyer spruce, while ev'ry spout's a broach,
> Stays till 'tis fair, yet *seems* to call a coach,
> The tuck'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
> While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides;
> And various kinds, by various fortunes led,
> Commence acquaintance underneath a shed."

This is one circumstance connected with wet weather very common and familiar, yet very inscrutable. What *can* be the cause of mens' fixing themselves at the window for hours together on a perseveringly wet day, with their eyes vacantly yet firmly bent upon the empty street? What mysterious fascination can there be in water falling in a globular form? But there is no doubt of the fact. Wives and daughters will vouch for the frequency of this extraordinary occurrence. A worthy, well-informed gentleman, with a comfortable fireside, a choice library, and a pleasant wife, will leave that library untouched, that fireside unenjoyed, that wife untalked to, and sit (as before observed) at the window by the hour together, with his nose rubbing against the glass, his brow resting against the partition which divides pane from pane, and his eyes bent most determinately upon the street. The street! what *can* he see? All vestiges of humanity have been pretty well swept away. Man, being unamphibious, escheweth rain, and bestoweth himself under cover; and women, besides disliking the outward application of fluids on their own account, deprecate it also because of the harm it causeth unto the gay habiliments in which they delight to walk abroad. What can he see? A drenched fowl, an uncomfortable dog, a stoical pig; a philosophick hackney-coachman sitting smoking in the rain, and his horse standing smoking in it! Can these so enchant his vision? Or perchance in an entry opposite some half dozen or dozen unlucky umbrellaless individuals, await impatiently the cessation of the inconsiderate shower, and ever and anon project forth their hand in order to ascertain if there be any variation in the quantity of aqueous particles upon the descent. But surely this cannot be intensely interesting. Perchance an omnibus stoppeth opposite the unfortunates, and there is a transitory flutter of silk and muslin, and a casual glimpse to be had of a pretty ankle or two, as the fair possessors evanish into the strawy receptacle for the destitute; but surely, being married, this *ought* not to be extraordinarily interesting. Or perchance,

> "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

some solitary individual marcheth deliberately on his homeward way, thoroughly wet to the skin, but cheered with the consoling reflection that water has done its worst, and he cannot be wet through *it*. But this wet specimen of resignation also passeth onward and is seen no more; and little remains for the worthy gentleman to gaze upon except the pool in the middle of the pavement; and, for lack of something else, very intently does he gaze upon it, as if he had mentally laid a wager with himself as to the number of drops that would fall into it in twenty minutes, and was trying to settle it by counting!

And this mystery is not at all likely to be cleared up, for when at length the gentleman arises with a heavy sigh, and his wife says unto him, "My dear, what *have* you been looking at?" he commonly responds to the query by a query—"Looking at! why, my dear, what *could* I have been looking at such a day as this?"

As a pendant to these humid matters, it may be remarked that a man sitting in a boat at anchor in the stream fishing during a heavy shower, is one of the most extraordinary illustrations of the pursuit of pleasure to be met with.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

IRELAND.

Route from Killarney to Limerick—Limerick—Cathedral and Castle—Visit to Mount Shannon—Roscrea—Ruins of Castle—Shrine of St. Cronan's—Beggars—Irish peasantry—Curragh of Kildare—Naas—Dublin—Sackville-street—Phœnix Park—Bank of Ireland—Four Courts—Hospitality of the inhabitants of Dublin.

Dublin, June 13th, 183—.

We left Killarney at an early hour in the mail-car for Limerick, a distance of fifty Irish miles. The mail-car was similar to one of the ordinary jaunting-cars, although somewhat larger, and drawn by two horses: being an open, two-wheeled vehicle, with seats on either side, about two feet from the ground. The passengers sit with their backs to each other, the space intervening between the seats is occupied by the luggage. We passed through several small towns, very similar in character, and containing nothing of interest. The principal were Castle Island, Abbyfeale, New Castle, Rathkeal, and Adare; near the latter are the estates of Lord Adare, who has rather a picturesque-looking castle. There are several fine ruins in the vicinity, but as we were constantly *en route*, we had not an opportunity of visiting them.

We drove into Limerick at three, P. M., and took lodgings at the principal hotel in the New Town. Limerick is divided into three parts, which are known by the names of English Town, Irish Town, and New Town. The former contains the cathedral, an antiquated pile of gothick architecture, surrounded by the tombs of noble families, many of which are of great antiquity. It also contains the ruins of a castle in which King John is said to have resided. Irish Town is principally occupied by the lower orders. The modern part of Limerick, (New Town,) is inhabited by the wealthier classes; the streets are regular, and the houses, which are mostly of brick, display much neatness and taste; in many respects it reminded me of Philadelphia. The Park is a fine promenade, and contains a column erected in honor of Spring Rice.

The next morning we took a jaunting-car and rode to Mount Shannon, the seat of the earl of Clare, a few miles from Limerick. The grounds are in fine order, and handsomely laid out, but the mansion will not compare with many we have before seen. We were shown through its various apartments; the library is a large room, and contains many rare and valuable works, also some busts by Canova. In one of the apartments is a full-length portrait of the late earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The present earl seldom visits Mount Shannon. We were informed by one of his dependants, that he had known him to be absent for five years at a time. Most of the Irish nobility reside constantly in England, trusting the management of their estates to stewards, who are often obliged to oppress the poor tenants, to answer the exorbitant demands of their masters. The money thus obtained is squandered in England, or upon the continent. In this manner is Ireland impoverished!

On our return from Mount Shannon we again visited the cathedral, and ascended to its battlements, from which we obtained a bird's-eye view of the city and the surrounding country. We also visited the custom-house, and other objects of interest, among which is an old stone bridge, crossing the Shannon, the scene of a desperate battle in the time of King John.

We left on the ensuing morning in the mail-coach for Dublin. The country between Limerick and Dublin is in a high state of cultivation, but the scarcity of trees detract much from the beauty of the scenery. The first town we passed through, worthy of that appellation, was Nanagh, the next Roscrea, which contains several objects of interest: the most prominent are, a castle built by King John in the beginning of the thirteenth century; the shrine of St. Cronard; a remnant of Saxon architecture, now forming the entrance to a church, and a round tower of considerable elevation said to have been built by the Danes. Near the hotel at which we stopped are the ruins of a large castle. Its mouldering walls, which tower above the humble inn, are covered with ivy; the entrance is through an iron gate, from which a gravelled walk leads to a modern dwelling, built within its walls. The large trees by which the house is shaded, attest the antiquity of the pile. After leaving Roscrea, we passed through the towns of Maryborough and Monastereven, which are cleaner and better built than any we have yet seen. Passing through the various towns on our route, we were followed by beggars of all sizes, ages and descriptions. One of our passengers appeared to derive much amusement by pulling off the hats of the boys with his cane and throwing them on the roofs of the houses, most of which are extremely low, also by jesting with the female peasantry on the road—wit appears to be native with many of them, and their replies often turned the laugh upon the unlucky wight who addressed them. There is a romance about the Irish character, and a disinterested feeling appears to prevail even among the beggars; they will seldom urge their own claims to charity when those who have "miseries superiour to their own" are appealing to you. At several of the towns through which we passed it was market-day, and crowds were flocking towards them from the surrounding country. The females generally carry their shoes in their hands until they arrive at the suburbs of a town. One of our passengers jocosely observed that he had seen a pair that had been in a family three generations. Although the weather was quite warm, they were all attired in cloaks.

Passing through the town we arrived at the Curragh of Kildare, an extensive plain, containing several thousand acres, part of which is now used as a race-course. Here one of our party left us, on ascertaining that the races were to commence the following Monday. We preferred spending the next day at Dublin, and having promised to join him on the day of the races, we proceeded on our journey. The approach to Dublin and its picturesque vicinity impressed us most favourably; the evening was far advanced, yet the distant city, and a range of hills stretching along the coast, were distinctly seen. The country in the neighbourhood of Dublin is fertile, and studded with beautiful country seats.

We entered the city at ten, P. M., and passing through a number of fine streets, soon arrived at the stage-house, from whence we took a jaunting-car to Gresham's hotel, in Sackville-street.

The next morning, being Sunday, we took a walk through the principal streets, deferring a more particular examination of the city until our return from Kildare. The afternoon being fine, we procured a conveyance and rode to Phenix Park, passing through a narrow street inhabited by the lower classes. Groups of soldiers were seen upon the side-walk, while others were leaning from the open windows conversing with those below. Phenix Park is an extensive drive and promenade, of about fifteen hundred acres, traversed by several avenues, lined with noble trees; within its borders is a beautiful villa of the Lord Lieutenant. It is a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Dublin, and during the latter part of the day it is thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, from the carriage of the wealthy citizen to the ordinary jaunting-car. Numerous pedestrians are seen promenading upon the green, or resting in groups under the shade of trees. We rode around the Park, and had nearly completed the circuit, when we were attracted by an immense crowd; on inquiry we ascertained they were collected to witness a wrestling-match, between the representatives of two rival counties, Meath and Kildare.

On Monday morning we engaged a post-chaise to attend the races at the Curragh of Kildare, thirty-one miles distant from Dublin. The road passes through a rich and beautiful country. We changed horses at Naas, formerly the residence of the kings of Leinster. There are several picturesque ruins in the vicinity, and the remains of a castle, commenced by the unfortunate earl of Strafford, but never completed. Our carriage was as usual beset by beggars, who, probably from the circumstance of our being in rather a handsome post-chaise, begged of his *lordship* the price of a few *potatoes*. A fine-looking girl began by supplicating our charity in most piteous tones, but finding she produced but little effect, she changed her mode of attack, and overwhelmed us with a profusion of compliments, (yclept blarney,) that was quite irresistible.

We reached the Curragh at mid-day, and found a great number assembled, among whom were several of the nobility, and English officers from Dublin. On the ground a number of tents were erected, mostly devoted to gambling purposes. We here witnessed for the first time a singular game. A number of small pits are dug in the ground, in which are placed stakes, supporting knives, snuff-boxes, and other articles of the same description. The player is furnished with a stick about three feet in length, and for a small sum is allowed to throw at the stakes, if either of the articles are dislodged without falling into the pit, the thrower is entitled to it. The game is much against the player, yet a noble lord, well known upon the turf, (who is an expert player,) was amusing himself by winning the various articles, much to the chagrin of the proprietor, whose entire capital was probably invested in the business. The game is a favourite with the lower classes, and sticks were flying about in all directions much to our annoyance.

The races consisted of a sweepstake of fifty sovereigns entrance, five entries. The horses run upon a straight course, beginning a mile from, and running up to the stand. Being but one heat, and not seeing the horses contest it but a short distance, there is not the same excitement as at the races in our country. There was also a match-race, but it was poorly contested. We left the Curragh at five o'clock, but little pleased with Irish turf-sports, and arrived in town early the same evening.

Dublin is a very large city, though the part occupied by the better classes is but of moderate extent, and comprises everything worthy the attention of the stranger. It includes the principal publick buildings, and two beautiful squares, St. Stephen's Green and Merriam. The streets in this section are mostly broad and well-built, the principal of which, Sackville-street, is considered one of the finest avenues in Europe. The view of this street, from the bridge that crosses the Liffey, is very imposing; it is lined on either side with beautiful edifices, among which is prominent the fine portico of the post-office, and ornamented with a beautiful column—the Trafalgar Monument.

The two principal publick buildings are, the Bank of Ireland and the Four Courts; the former, which was originally the Parliament House, is a beautiful classick edifice, its principal fronts are ornamented with colonnades of the Ionick and Corinthian orders; on one side is a handsome portico, with the British arms prettily sculptured, and statues of Commerce and Fidelity. The latter, in which the principal courts are held, is an extensive pile, over four hundred feet in length, fronting on the Liffey; its principal feature is an immense dome, supported by numerous columns, over the great hall of the courts.

The contrast between wealth and poverty has nowhere struck us more forcibly than in Dublin; the steps of the finer houses and the porticoes of the publick buildings are every day filled with beggars; at every step you meet with some exhibition of suffering, some tale of misery falls upon the ear.

The day after our return from Kildare, we had several gentlemen to dine with us, with whom we had become acquainted the evening previous; on the following morning they sent their servants with horses to our hotel, placing them at our disposal. We rode to the strawberry-beds, beyond Phenix Park, where we were served, (to

use the language of a favourite song of the comedian Power,) with

"A dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream."

The strawberry is much larger than that of our country, but the flavour is not so pleasant. We dined the same day with our fellow-passenger, Mr. ———. We there met a number of gentlemen, whose urbane and polite manners, and the good feeling they expressed towards our country, gave us a most favourable opinion of the Irish gentlemen. Our visit to Dublin this time being purely accidental, we were not provided with letters of introduction, and our acquaintances were all formed through our fellow-passenger, Mr. ———. Had we been furnished with the best letters from our country, we could not have been treated with more genuine hospitality; we appreciated it the more, as on their part it was entirely disinterested. We came among them as it were perfect strangers, our acquaintance with Mr. —— having been formed on ship-board.

On Thursday, in compliance with a polite invitation from a gentleman with whom we had become acquainted the day previous, we dined at his residence, a few miles from Dublin. Among the guests were a number of ladies, many of whom excited our admiration, both by their beauty and intelligence. At dinner the conversation turned upon our country and its institutions, of which most of the guests appeared to entertain very correct opinions. After the ladies had retired several toasts were drank complimentary to America, accompanied by enthusiastick remarks, most flattering to ourselves as citizens of the Republick. On joining the ladies in the drawing-room, we were favoured by them with several of Moore's beautiful melodies, sung with much taste and feeling. We returned to Dublin late in in the evening, delighted with our visit.

The politeness of our friends was excessive; every morning they sent their servants with horses and vehicles to our hotel. On our expostulating with them as to their unnecessary number, and that they would probably have need of their servants, their reply uniformly was—"No, let the rascals wait, they have nothing else to do."

We often rode on horseback upon the beach along the bay. One day I was mounted upon a spirited hunter, and having fallen somewhat in the rear of our party, I slightly urged my horse for the purpose of overtaking them, when he suddenly bounded off at his hunting pace, leaping over every pool of water left by the receding tide; not being accustomed to a leaping-horse it was with difficulty that I could keep my seat, and to hold him up was impossible, until I had regained my companions.

One instance of politeness, if so it can be termed, I cannot pass over in silence. We had exhausted the supply of gold with which we landed in Ireland, and our bills being drawn on London, we requested a gentleman to recommend us to a banking-house where we could get them negociated; he immediately requested to know how much money we wanted; on being informed of the amount, he told us he would save us the trouble of applying to a banker, as he himself would cash the bills. We replied jestingly that he knew us but by the introduction of Mr. ——, whom we had met for the first time on ship-board. "No more of your nonsense," said he; "do you want it in gold or paper?" We expressed our preference to receive it in gold, and shortly after the whole amount was sent us, he positively refusing to receive any commission, or even the difference of exchange. To-morrow we depart for England. E.

THE FINE ARTS.

DUNLAP EXHIBITION.

It has ever been a question, with those who have given the subject any serious reflection, whether an American school of painting could be permanently established in this country. The encouragement given to our artists is so very diffuse, and the construction of our government so very peculiar, that the probability of our forming a National Gallery of the works of the best masters, which shall be accessible to all, and which shall be the foundation of a truly original and talented school of paintings, is about as remote and problematical as the idea of our establishing a standing army of a million of men. It is true, our artists may go abroad and perfect their studies in foreign countries, but the mass of the people who are to appreciate their works on their return cannot go abroad, and their taste not keeping pace with that of the artist, his talents must ever remain, in a measure, neglected among his countrymen. Nor is this the only evil; on his return he must encounter a flood of bad taste, which, to one of sensitive feelings, is even worse than the grossest ignorance. Captivated by what pleases the eye alone, those who have not the advantage of a constant acquaintance with good works, which foreigners generally possess, must be imperceptibly led astray in pursuit of what is gaudy and superficial, at the expense of everything solid and refined. England has her National Gallery, besides numberless valuable collections among her most intelligent and distinguished individuals; France has her Louvre, where the liberality of the throne, as well as the daring ambition of her generals, have placed works of the most costly and rare character; Rome, too, has what a strong religious feeling could alone produce; where, at one time, her pictures were exalted almost into works of divinity, worshipped and adored with all the ardour of a fanatical and misguided people. But the United States, a nation of freemen, with no privy-purse to cheer and sustain the exertions of genius, with no nobility, save the nobility of talents and enterprise, to spend millions in a commendable pride on the arts, with no despoiling army to tear from the walls of a vanquished foe her dearest and most valued treasures, what can she do towards forming a National Gallery of paintings! Alas, save a few chance appropriations to adorn her publick buildings with formal portraits, or geometrical portrait-scenes, nothing has yet been done that leads an intelligent mind to believe a foundation has been laid for a native school of painting.

One chance yet remains to those who are looking forward to an event of this character; and that is, what may still be done by individual enterprise. And, with this view, we wish to call publick attention to the exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute, for the benefit of Mr. Dunlap. Aside from the praiseworthy object of the exhibition, we hail it as the possible and probable beginning of a gallery, established purely for publick benefit. We hope that, when our wealthy and influential citizens shall see the good an exhibition of this kind produces, both to the publick and to the artists, they will be induced to lay the foundation of a gallery by individual contribution; which shall be a perpetual monument of their munificence, taste, and liberality. The benefit to be derived from an institution of this character, they can, in a great measure, perceive, from the one now before us. Here we have the works of Leslie, and Newton, and Copely, and Stuart, by the side of those of our own artists; the defects of the latter, or their improvement over the works of these great masters, can be readily perceived and appreciated. False taste can be corrected; the frequent inspection of each work, and their comparison with one another, will lead to new and enlarged ideas, and the mind and taste be improved by each renewed visit. Although the number of pictures in this exhibition is not large, and may be, to an indifferent spectator, not equal to what he has anticipated; yet it must be borne in mind that, as a whole, it far surpasses any exhibition ever before opened in this country. In the annual exhibitions of our academies, a greater number are got together, but, at the same time, many very indifferent ones; we have frequently eight or ten portraits from one hand, and that neither a practised nor a skilful one. In these exhibitions also, are rarely to be seen other than the works of native living artists, and consequently not presenting those advantages for comparison with the works of other times and other men, which is so eminently useful in forming a correct taste.

To Mr. Dunlap the publick are certainly indebted for many valuable literary works, and for which he has as yet been but very inadequately compensated. Besides his History of the Drama, and of the Arts of Design, he has furnished one of the most useful school histories of our state that has yet been produced, and which, to every New-Yorker having young children to rear, must prove of incalculable benefit for years to come. One more work, still more interesting to our own citizens, he has now in progress which, in order to enable him to finish, this exhibition is established. Is there, then, one among us that can omit this opportunity of benefiting a truly estimable and valuable citizen? We hope not. To all, then—yes, we say to *all*—go and visit it. To the merchant, the professional man, the mechanick, to our academies and schools, we say go, and in a measure repay the labours of a long life of toil and research spent in benefiting you and yours.

In the meantime, if we have leisure, we may again revert to the exhibition for the purpose of more fully noticing each individual work, and of pointing out the peculiarities of some of the most eminent painters in connexion with those of our own artists.

SELECTIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

BURR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

The private journal of Aaron Burr, collated and edited by his friend and executor, Matthew L. Davis, is on the eve of publication by the Harpers. It is replete with interest and entertainment. The The subjoined extracts are principally from the first volume.

BURR AND MONTGOMERY.

The following brief correspondence requires no explanation. The incident referred to merits record. It would have been related in his memoirs, if Colonel Burr had not forbidden its publication, without accompanying evidence of the fact. That evidence has but recently been procured by the editor of these volumes; and it is now given.

TO THE REV. GARDINER SPRING.

Rev. sir—There is an anecdote respecting Colonel Burr, worthy, in my opinion, a place on the page of our revolutionary history. I should have published it, if I had possessed any other evidence of its correctness, than what was derived from Colonel Burr's own statement; but without I could obtain that evidence, it was his wish that I should suppress it in the Memoirs of his Life that I was preparing for publication. I refer to the manner in which the body of General Montgomery (after his fall on the morning of the thirty-first of December, 1775) was rescued from the British troops and conveyed to the American camp. Your father, the late Rev. Samuel Spring, accompanied General Arnold in his perilous expedition through the wilderness in the autumn of 1775. On the fatal morning referred to, he was with the army on the plains of Abram, and witnessed the melancholy result of the attack upon Quebec. May I be permitted to ask you, reverend sir, whether he did, at any time, inform you how the body of General Montgomery came into the possession of the American troops? If yea, when did he make the communication? and under what circumstances? I am unwilling to give you much trouble, but as the incident relates to a most interesting crisis in the history of our revolutionary struggles, you will, I trust, pardon me, when I add, that any details which you may be pleased to give, will confer a favour on, rev. sir, yours respectfully, M. L. DAVIS.

REV. GARDINER SPRING TO M. L. DAVIS.

New-York, Brick Church Chapel, 24th October, 1838.

G. Spring's compliments to Mr. Davis, with a hasty reply to his note of yesterday. The facts in relation to my venerable father's interview with Colonel Burr, are just as I stated them to you at Saratoga. The last visit my father made me, he expressed a great anxiety to see Colonel Burr. I objected, and told him Burr had lost caste, and it was reputable neither to him nor myself to call on him. For two or three days he relinquished the design of making the call. But on an afternoon, just before he left us, he said to me, "My son, I must see Burr before I leave the city. I went through the woods with him, under Arnold. I stood by his side on the Plains of Abram, and I have not seen him since the morning on which Montgomery fell. It was a heavy snow-storm. Montgomery had fallen. The British troops were advancing towards the dead body, and little Burr was hastening from the fire of the enemy, up to his knees in snow, with Montgomery's body on his shoulders. Do you wonder I wish to see him?" I conducted my father to Colonel Burr's office, and we subsequently spent part of an evening together at my house, in Beekman-street. My father was a volunteer chaplain under Arnold, and being friends at college, he and Burr were much together during that fearful campaign. G. SPRING.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

The wit and humour of the south sea islanders.—A few years ago, a venerable and esteemed brother missionary came to England; and being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the Island, the chief and others went to welcome him; and after the usual salutations, one of them said to the missionary, "You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are. How did they make your hair grow again?" "You simple people," replied the missionary; "how does everything grow? Is it not by sowing seed?" They immediately shouted, "Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's head to make the hair grow!" One shrewd fellow inquired whether he had brought any of the seed with him. The good missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then raised his wig. The revelation of his "original head" of course drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased, when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, "Here see, Mr. ———, he has come from England with his head thatched."—*Williams's Mission to the South Seas.*

Dangerous bathing.—A letter just received from Lisbon contains the following:—"A lamentable event recently occurred at Praia das Macaas, commonly called in English "Apple Bay," a bathing-place on the sea-coast near the rock of Lisbon, much frequented during the season by families from the city. The mode of bathing is so dangerous, that the only surprise is how those who attempt it ever escape drowning. The bathers stand in a row, hand in hand, out of the water, but within its reach as it advances, when they duck and hold fast together, to resist the force of the receding wave. On this occasion there were three young ladies of the names of Damario, Almeida, and Deroure, and two men, all of whom, except Miss Deroure, who owed her escape to the courage of a young man, who, at the peril of his own life, plunged into the water and dragged her out, were washed away, and when cast upon the beach again, were dead. The fate of Miss Damario will excite emotion in one breast, at least, in England. She was engaged to be married to the brother of an Irish viscount, who was lately here."

A sulky woman.—Sulkiness, if you be not blind, should be avoided by all means. A sulky man is bad enough: what, then, must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife, a constant inmate, a companion day and night. Only think of the delight of sitting at the table for a week, and not exchange a word all the while! Very bad to be a scolding for such a length of time, but this is far better than the sulks. If you have your eyes, and look sharp, you will discover symptoms of this, if it unhappily exists. She will at some time or other show it towards one or other of the family, or perhaps towards yourself; and you may be quite sure in this respect marriage will not mend. Sulkiness arises from capricious displeasure not founded in reason. The party takes offence unjustifiable—is unable to frame a complaint, and therefore expresses displeasure by silence. The remedy for sulkiness is to take its full swing; but it is better not to have the disease in your house, and to be married to it is little short of madness.

A greek beauty.—Our hostess, who though not, strictly speaking, a beauty, was a pretty, lady-like person, and with all the style and manners of a leader of *ton* in the centre of Greek and Albanian fashion. Notwithstanding all her amiable qualities, I fear that in London she would not have escaped the disagreeable character of a blue. She presumed to admire Sophocles as well as Alfieri. Her dress was in the style called Chami, or lower Albanian; which when arranged by the *artistes* of Janina, is, for composition and colour, the most perfect thing in the way of costume I ever saw; and is indebted for effect neither to pearls and precious stones, nor to the false glare of gold and silver lace, or of gaudy and contrasted colours. —*Urquhart's Travels in the East.*

Indian method of courtship.—Mr. Catlin, in one of his recent lectures at the Odion, exhibited a Winnebago courting flute, which he said was used by the Indian lover in wooing the dark-eyed maid of the wilderness. For hours he had heard the simple sounds of this courting flute, and he has seen the patient lovers sitting under a tree by the bank of a river, or in front of a lodge, and never has he heard a word exchanged between the seemingly happy pair. Many marriages take place solely by the charms of this flute, as he knows it to be a fact that a single word was never spoken by either party during the whole period from courtship to marriage.

Capture of a bandit.—An important capture was last week made at Lyons, namely, of the chief of a band of robbers, who have for some time infested that city. He was apprehended on the Swiss frontier, and taken by the gendarmerie to Lyons. He is a man in the prime of life, and of large stature. Lyons was not the only scene of the depredations of organized forces. He was the head of three separate bands, one of whom have patronized France, another Italy, and the third Switzerland. He is an Italian, and lately took up his residence at Lyons under his real name. A false passport was found upon him, bearing the forged signature of M. de Montebello.

Neat pun.—M. de Narischkin was one day at court when the conversation turned upon the war which Russia had then declared against Turkey. The empress-mother was very animated on the subject, but being frequently interrupted by the noise of a door, which creaked upon its hinges, she inquired of M. de N. what it could be? He immediately replied. "C'est *la Porte*, qui demande des secours *a la Grece*."

Mourning among the indian women.—Mr. Catlin states that at a period of mourning among the Indian women in certain tribes, they crop their beautiful hair short off, and as it gradually grows out, they gradually go out of mourning, till it gets to its full length again, when they are entirely out of mourning. Such is one of the touching symbols of the Indian's grief.

A friendly intimation.—The boarders of a tavern in Georgia were annoyed by flies in their butter. Judge Dooly took the tavern-keeper aside, and remarked to him, in a private way, that some of his friends thought it would be best for him to put the butter on one plate and the flies on another, and let the people mix them to suit themselves. He merely suggested it for consideration.

A paddy's idea of travelling.—Surely, said Pat, the Yankees are great travellers—they travel sixty or seventy miles a day, while I have hard work to travel twenty-five or thirty miles; but there's not so great a difference after all, for they don't more than half travel the ground over, while I travel both sides of the road for the most part.

Menagerie eloquence.—"The honely genivine specimon in the humwersal globe of the East Ingy rhinosycross, wat was cotched on the top of the North Pole, by Captain Ross; and of the vonderful hoorang-hootang as volloped three hottentots in Wan Demon's Land, and was only captured arter it had drank three gallons of rum toddy."

A spanish bull.—A London evening paper contains a letter from its Madrid correspondent, which, in describing the siege of Morella, says:—"Many found their death there, *notwithstanding which* they stormed again the next morning at day light at three different places, but with no better success."

An irish bull.—The following notice lately appeared in a shop-window of a tailor at Cork:—"Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOOK TABLE.

"*Desultory reminiscences of a tour through Germany, Switzerland and France.—By an American.*"—This is an elegantly printed volume, from the press of Mr. William D. Ticknor, of Boston. The sketches of European scenes and adventure are graphick and faithful. The author, instead of giving to the world the crude minutiae of a voluminous note-book, has waited until time had sifted away all that was trivial or devoid of general interest in his reminiscences, and presented them in a well-digested and *conscionable* shape. The descriptions of Parisian life are by one who evidently has a mastery of his subject; and we have read with interest the account of the author's experiences in Berlin and London. The critiques upon the opera and the fine arts are characterized by good taste and a liberal spirit. We are informed that this agreeable volume is the production of Mr. Hartley H. Wright, a young lawyer of Boston. From a variety of pleasant gossip, with which the book abounds, we select the following passage:

REMINISCENCES OF MALIBRAN.

"Malibran was just appearing in a new and successful opera, composed or compiled expressly for her, by Balfe, an English writer of musick; its title was 'The Maid of Artois.' I had the pleasure of beholding Malibran three times in this opera; her delivery of the musick was replete with the most exquisite sweetness and melody; and her acting, now so gently feminine, would, as the progress of the piece called for a display of more passionate feeling, at intervals absolutely electrify you by its startling energy. Her execution of the difficult *finale*, commencing with

'The rapture dwelling in this breast,'

was beyond comparison the most perfect and effective musical performance I had ever listened to.

"As I think anything relating to the latter exhibitions of this celebrated singer, now passed away like a dream, will not be devoid of interest to the general reader, I shall offer no apology for entering somewhat into detail upon the subject of a concert, at which she sang for her husband's benefit, and which constituted, probably, the greatest musical treat ever offered to the London publick.

"The talent enlisted upon this occasion was unprecedented. Besides the unrivalled heroine, there was Mademoiselle Giulia Grisi, second only to her. There was Lablache, with his voice of thunder; there was Rubini's delicious tenour; there were Tamburini and Ivanhoff, with others whose names fame had less trumpeted. On the violin there was De Beriot, than whom none could elicit from the chords more touching strains, save that *arch-magician of fiddlers*, Paganini; Henri Herz, and the German Thalberg, acknowledged the most eminent pianists in Europe, swept the keys of a magnificent double instrument.

"The price of the tickets for this concert (a morning one in the London acceptation, that is, commencing at two, P. M.) was a guinea each, being double the usual sum. The exhibition took place at the concert-room of the King's theatre. Before the appointed hour, the large hall was entirely filled, and the outer doors absolutely thronged with baffled applicants for places. I paid my twenty-one shillings, and, for lack of other place, secured a position upon the stage, where I remained standing during the whole performance. My position, however, was not without its advantages, for it afforded me a near view of all the celebrated *virtuosi* of the Italian stage, and of Malibran herself.

"I remember hearing this accomplished singer converse upon that day in four different languages—French, Italian, English, and German—in three of which she could sing with equal effect. The hour of the concert was a *duetto* between Mademoiselle Grisi and herself, from Rossini's brilliant musick; in the execution of this piece, Madame Malibran let loose the luxuriance of her inventive fancy, and electrified her audience with the most brilliant *roulades* and *cadenzas*. The other lady wisely attempted not to follow her rapid course, for the attempt *even there* must have involved a failure.

"In the tones of Malibran there would at times be developed a deep and trembling *pathos*, that, rushing from the very fountain of the heart, thrilled instinctively upon a responsive chord in the bosoms of all. This it was, even more than her wonderful execution or unequalled power, that gave her such mastery over the feelings. In her performance of "Amina," in Bellini's beautiful opera, *La Somnambula*; who could listen to those passionate, imploring, thrilling notes of mingled *love* and *anguish*, without being affected even unto tears! But to resume our subject. The concert did not conclude until after five o'clock. Madame Malibran sang many different pieces, and there were several repetitions. At the conclusion of her last *aria* she hastily quitted the room, amid the busy murmur of acclamation. The interest of the occasion was now gone. I left the theatre of sweet sounds behind me, and entered for a moment the apartment appropriated to the singers. There were present only, beside myself, De Beriot, and a brother musician, and Madame Malibran, who had just seated herself in a chair; almost upon the instant, overcome with fatigue and excitement, she had fainted away. De Beriot turned with great *sang froid* to the other, who was Thalberg, the noted pianist, and merely observing, with much indifference, "*Elle a chanté tant*," gave himself no further trouble. His companion threw up the window, procured cold water, and soon she returned to consciousness; her first question, tenderly expressed, "*Où est Carl*," seemed to me in striking contrast with the indifference of him, who evidently occupied the first place in her awakening thoughts.

"The slight incident I have mentioned, might, from its intrinsick unimportance, have slipped my memory, had not the subsequent melancholy fate of her to whom it related tended to impress it deeply upon my mind. There are many doubtless among us, who well recollect that bright creature, the *Signorina Garcia*, with her attractive person, and her even then acknowledged talents; but for those who do not, I shall merely observe, in conclusion, that Madame Malibran was in person a little below the middle size, with the just and graceful degree of *embonpoint*; her hair, which, at the time I saw her, she wore smoothly combed over the head, from whence it fell in masses upon the snowy neck, was black and glossy as is the plumage on the raven's wing. Her eyes were those dark, expressive orbs, that we gaze upon as indicating the fatal possession of genius. Her teeth were beautifully white and regular, and her whole countenance, with its pensive, and at times melancholy expression, possessed a something of indefinable interest and attraction."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Antonio" *is received. The unfairness of replying to one or two points of a communication containing so many, and not to the whole matter at issue, must be our apology for declining the communication.*—"A. A.'s" *poetical contribution shall appear.*—"Angela, the Actress," *is by Mr. F. A. Durivage, of Boston.—We must decline the favours of* "A. Y.," "Cr.," "Delta," "P.," "A.," *and* "R. Q. C."—"Beatrice" *must excuse us—but really we cannot find room for her vagaries.*—"Poiito" *will find his manuscript at the office.—Many contributions are reserved for insertion, or are under consideration, which we will notice hereafter.—Judge Conrad's beautiful poem is received, and will appear in our next.*

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1838.

The fine arts.—The friends and patrons of the fine arts, in this city, have now a rare opportunity for the cultivation of their tastes, and for contributing to the encouragement of genius and merit. Of the Apollo Gallery of paintings, under the superintendence of Mr. Herring, we have already spoken in terms of praise. His plan is an admirable one, and he has thus far been most successful in the execution. His collection embraces many exquisite specimens, which are creditable to the advanced state of the arts in this country. Of the Dunlap exhibition we have elsewhere spoken. We hope there are few of our city readers who have not, by this time, availed themselves of the opportunity to contribute toward a most worthy object, and to witness many of the finest gems of art in the possession of our citizens. In addition to these two exhibitions, there is a collection at the academy of the fine arts, in Barclay-street, which presents extraordinary claims upon our attention. It comprises "The Destruction of Jerusalem," by Wichello; the "Revolt in Paris in 1358," by Giraud; "Don Juan, Haidee and Lambro;" "The Circassian Slave;" "Saint John in the Desert," and "The Princess of Capua"—the four last by Dubufe, the pupil of David, and the painter of the celebrated picture of "Adam and Eve." The "Destruction of Jerusalem" is a noble and sublime conception, executed with the fidelity of a scholar and the skill of a finished artist. The scene represents the attack by the Roman army under Titus, which ended in the destruction of the Holy City. It is truly a glorious production of genius—and one to which a minute description cannot render justice. Dubufe's paintings are all excellent—more particularly the "Circassian Slave," in which the most elaborate finish is united to a remarkable eloquence of conception. The countenance of Haidee, in the picture from Don Juan, will alone repay the trouble of a visit to this gallery. We once more commend the collection to the attention of connoisseurs and the publick.

A theory knocked in the head.—Certain inscriptions on some rocks in Dighton, Mass., have been claimed as made by the Northmen who are said to have visited this country centuries previous to the voyage of Columbus. In a late lecture in Boston, Governour Everett stated, that Mr Catlin, in answer to a question from him (Governour Everett) whether he had ever seen such inscriptions in the Indian country, said that he had seen hundreds of them on white quartz rock, and that if he had copied all of them, they would have filled a volume of more than a thousand pages.

Scriptural Anthology, by N. C. Brooks.—A notice of this excellent work by Mr. Brooks, of Baltimore, was accidentally omitted from our columns some months since. We are reminded of the circumstance from seeing some beautiful extracts from the poems, drifting through the newspapers of the country without credit. The "Anthology" of Mr. Brooks, is a collection of poetical sketches founded on incidents recorded in Scripture. The effort is a high one to embellish such subjects with the graces of poetry—and to say that Mr. Brooks has not failed in his design, is to award him the very highest praise.

Medical lectures.—We have heard the lectures of Professor Alban G. Smith, on surgery, delivered before the medical students of the college of physicians and surgeons, of this state, spoken of in the highest terms. Professor Smith is an able and skilful practitioner, and he brings to the task great experience and an earnest desire to advance the profession of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

The magazines.—The magazines for the month are upon our table. They present a creditable proof of the advanced state of American periodical literature. The *Knickerbocker* comes to us replete, as usual, with variety and entertainment. Mr. Clark has certainly a rare faculty at making up a light and agreeable periodical. The Knickerbocker is deservedly popular, and is placed by universal consent in the front rank of American magazines. The *Hesperian*, which hails from the capital of Ohio, is conducted with unusual ability and industry. The literary notices are candid and discriminating. Success to this promising pioneer in western literature. The *Ladies' Book*, of Philadelphia, maintains the reputation which has acquired for it a circulation so extended; while Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* vindicates its claim to its title, by the good taste, spirit and gentlemanly humour manifest throughout its pages. The *Baltimore Museum*, conducted by Mr. Brooks, though it has only reached its third number, has already assumed a high rank among the journals of the country. We are glad to learn that it has met with an unlooked-for measure of success. If we may come nearer home, we would not omit to mention in the catalogue, the *Ladies' Companion* of Mr. Snowden. To the list of able contributors to that journal, the name of Mr. Herbert, author of "The Brothers," has been recently added. The publisher evidently spares no expense to render his journal worthy of the support it receives. The December number of the "*Southern Literary Messenger*," edited by Thomas W. White, Esq., is crowded with well-written original papers, and is upon our table punctual to the time of publication. The article on trees, by J. F. Otis, is in a flowing, easy, graceful style, and reflects honour on the pen that traced it. We have read nothing more refreshing for many a day. This magazine should be widely circulated, and we are pleased to find that its subscription list is on the increase here at the North. We subjoin the table of contents of the December number:—Thoughts on Slavery. By a Southron.—New View of the Tides.—Benevolence and Modesty. An Essay. By the Author of "Adventures of a Bachelor."—Lucile. A Novelette. By the authoress of the "Curse."—Gratitude; Its power in the heart of sensibility; its coincidence with the inclination, and its charms. (Selected.)—A Discourse on the Genius of the Federative System of the United States. By Professor Beverley Tucker, of William and Mary College.—Conscience. (Selected.)—New View of the Solar System.—Benefits of Knowledge on Morals. A continuation of the reply to the author of the essays on "The Influence of Morals." By a Native of Goochland, Va.—Fame. (Selected.)—Letter from Malta, to the Editor of the "Messenger."—Scientific Miscellanea. No. V. Tendencies.—No. VI. Superiority conferred by Science.—Duty of Mothers. By Mrs. Sigourney.—Faulkland. By E. L. Bulwer.—Cincinnati Address. By Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College, Lexington, Va.; delivered in the Chapel of the College on commencement-day, June 28th, 1838.—The Last Tree Article; with appropriate poetical extracts from admired authors. By J. F. Otis.—Botanical Notices of Interesting Plants. Dionea Muspula, or Venus's Fly Trap; Ilex Vomitoria, or South Sea Tea. By a Backwoodsman Botanist.—Baptist Vincent Lavall. An Inquiry.—Stanzas. From a Lady's Portfolio.—"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."—Parting Song. By B. W. H.—Musings of Napoleon.—Greece. A Sonnet. (Selected.)

London musical and theatrical chit-chat.—The new historical tragedy, announced as in preparation at Covent-garden theatre, and of which report speaks so highly, is from the pen of Mr. Haynes, the author of a tragedy called *Conscience*, or *The Bridal Night*, which was acted at Drury-lane theatre in the February of 1821 with great success. The subject of the forthcoming play is from the history of Scotland. The principal *dramatis personæ* are Rizzio, Bothwell, and Mary, Queen of Scots. Madame Dulcken, pianist to her majesty the queen, had the distinguished honour to perform at Windsor Castle several times last week. That eminent *artiste* is on the eve to proceed to the North of England, where she is engaged for several concerts. Henry Higdon, a dramatick writer of the seventeenth century, wrote a comedy called the *Wary Widow*, in which he introduced so many drinking scenes, that the actors were completely drunk before the end of the third act, and being unable to proceed with the play, the manager was obliged to dismiss the audience. The new two act burletta in preparation at the Olympick theatre, in which Farren and Mrs. Orger are to sustain the principal characters, is from the pen of Mr C. Selby. Decamp, the brother of the late Mrs. Charles Kemble, who was many years an actor in Drury-lane theatre, and excellent in melo-dramatick pieces, has been for years past performing in America. He combines with the profession of an actor, the business of a farmer and cow-keeper. In the forenoon he is seen at market, selling milk to his customers, and at night "strutting his hour on the stage," in *Ragaireau* or *Jemmy Jessamy*. Twenty pounds per week is the highest salary paid at Covent-garden theatre, and that to only one performer. At the Olympick, three performers draw the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds weekly. Can such things be? A few days since, a batch of strolling players erected a large booth on the May-day green, Barnsley, for the purpose of acting comedies for the amusement of the country lads and lasses; but lo! in the midst of their performance a tremendous gust of wind blew the whole of their crazy fabrick down upon the audience, about one hundred and fifty in number. Shrieks and loud bursts of laughter followed the event, as the auditors rolled about beneath the weight of canvass and boards. Fortunately no damage of moment was done to life or limb. The new equestrian spectacle to be produced at Drury-lane theatre, is entitled *Charlemagne*. Ducrow and the greater part of his company are engaged, as well as Mr. Van Amburgh and his surprising animals. It is said that Mr. Price has engaged Mrs. Wood, Mr. Templeton, Miss Romer, young Kean, and several other distinguished actors, for the Park theatre, and that they will sail soon.

New musick.—We have received from the enterprising publisher, Mr. Millet, the following new songs:—"Song of the Olden Time," by Bishop, a tender and beautiful melody, not inferiour to "Oft in the stilly night"—"No more can hope deceive me," a well-arranged and very pretty song—"I'm o'er young to marry," as sung by Miss Shirreff, the words by the celebrated Alexander Lee—and "The Pirate Crew Song," sung by Bishop, composed by Joseph P. Knight. All these, with many too numerous, but not too "tedious" to mention, may be found at Millet's Saloon, in Broadway.

Mr. Combe's lectures.—The interesting lectures of Mr. George Combe, at Clinton-Hall, have been attended by crowded and gratified audiences. He is evidently a man of strong natural powers, and a mind affluent in its resources of knowledge and illustration. His celebrated work on the "Constitution of Man," is by far the most remarkable and philosophical treatise we ever read upon the subject, and has placed his reputation upon an enduring basis.

Charles E. Horn.—This exquisite composer and delightful vocalist has, in connexion with Mr. Davis, opened a spacious saloon at No. 411 Broadway, for the sale of musick, engravings, etc., under the firm of Davis and Horn. A more elegant or inviting lounge for people of taste, lovers of sweet melody, and the fine arts, has never been opened in this city.

COME! COME AWAY!

A SERENADE—FOR THE GUITAR—WRITTEN AND COMPOSED, AND PRESENTED TO THE NEW-YORK MIRROR, BY P. F. WHITE.

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ANDANTE QUASI ALLEGRETTO.
Come! come a-way, the moon's soft light Is beam-ing o'er the sea— Come! come a-way, love,
Legato.
SOLO.
come to-night, And heav'n will smile on thee. A-wake! a-wake! and come to me, I'll hold thee to this heart, Whose ev'ry throb beats high for thee, Whose joy, life, thou whose
Barre
Ad lib.
art. Come! come a-way, the moon's soft light Is beam-ing o'er the sea— Come! come a-way, love, come to-night, And heav'n will smile on thee.
Dolce.
2d—Come, come away! if thou'lt be mine, Nor death our joys shall sever; Come, come away! and I'll be thine— Yes, thine, my life, for ever! Then, come away! ah! come to me, I'll hold thee to this heart— Whose ev'ry throb beats high for thee— Whose joy, whose life thou art!

Miscellany.

SONNET, ON A VIEW NEAR THE VILLAGE OF B——.

Original.

THERE is a hill where I have often stood
To gaze upon the sinking orb of day,
And watch the glories of his parting ray,
Till evening shades upon the landscape brood.
Most lovely, then, the scene! the noble stream
That winds its course among yon clustering isles,
Seems wrapp'd in flames, enkindled by the piles
Of clouds all burning in the crimson beam!"
How like those vapours bathed in gorgeous light,
(Which else were dark and lowering to the view,
Diffusing gloom and sad forebodings round,)
Are all the cares and sorrows that bestrew
The path of virtue! By her radiance bright
Behold them thus with heavenly splendour crowned! W.

ENORMOUS WEALTH.—The celebrated Countess Branitska, the niece of Potemkin, died lately on her estate of Biala-Cerkiew, in the eighth year of her age. She had been a favourite of the Empress Catherine, on which account the Emperour Alexander always treated her with the utmost distinction and respect, addressing her by the name of *matushka*, or mother. He never met her without kissing her hand, and he would stand in her presence until she bade him be seated. The countess has left an immense fortune, which will be partly inherited by Count Woronzow, her son-in-law. A sum of one million sterling, in specie, was found in her chateau; she had sixty millions of roubles lodged in the Bank of Russia, and on her estates were one hundred and thirty thousand peasants, or slaves. The countess, in her lifetime, made money in every way; she lent it out on mortgages, and there are very few landed proprietors in the empire who are not her debtors. She discounted bills, sold gold, disposed, herself, of the immense produce of her lands; and it is even said, that, having visited France some years since, and finding human hair so valuable an article in that country, she had, on her return to Russia, caused the heads of all her female slaves to be shaved, and shipped a cargo of *chevaures* to France, where they fetched her a handsome return. Her *cossic* was always escorted by thirty or forty Cossacks, and her reputation for wealth was so general throughout the empire, that, during the last insurrection, the Polish government had given instructions to General Dwernicki and other officers sent on expeditions into Lithuania, to endeavour to gain possession of her treasures.

FRENCH POLICE.—So strict an eye is kept over the movements of foreigners in France, that an American, having lately forgotten his lodgings, was obliged to go to the police-office to obtain the necessary information, when, to his great surprise, he was told who he was, where he lodged, and where he had taken dinner.

NEW-ORLEANS.—The Picayune thus describes its motley population:—"In walking the streets of our delightful but motley city, we have always observed that the representative of different nations are not more strongly marked by their difference of language than by their different occupations—at least in all kinds of retail trade or small business. For instance, the venders of fruit, nuts, etc., such as those around the *Place d'Armes*, are Italians. Those who sell vegetables, and the butchers also, are mostly Germans. The keepers of cabarets or quartree shops, the oystermen, fishermen and hunters and venders of wild-fowl, (of which incredible quantities are continually procured, particularly at Barataria, for this market,) are almost exclusively Spaniards. The toy-shops and fancy-stores are principally kept by French people. The draymen, or at least a very large number of them, are Irish. We might perhaps proceed farther with the classification—but we might be wrong. As to the hawkers and pedlers along the Levee, we have an idea to what "wandering" they belong; but we are not sure. As to the barbers, they belong to no particular race. There are lots of *shavers* from all sorts of people.

THE LATE MR. ABERNETHY AND SPIRITS.—The late Mr. Abernethy was once consulted by a gentleman whose habits had greatly impaired his digestive powers. After receiving the advice of the celebrated medical man we have named, the patient said, "But, sir, what spirits will you recommend me to drink?" Mr. Abernethy, in disgust, replied, "Why, sir, you take tincture of rhubarb, that is a spirit, or you may take tincture of jalap, that is a spirit, and they have this advantage above other spirits, you may take them into your body yourself, but they will take *themselves* out of your body as fast as they can."

A MECHANICAL PUZZLE.—A clock, the dial and hands of which appear perfectly detached from any mechanical power, has attracted much attention in the window of a clockmaker, of Cornhill. The difficulty is to understand by what means the hands are made to move, seeing that they are placed in the centre of a perfectly transparent pane of glass, and no communication with any mechanical power passes through the pane of glass. The figures denoting the hours are painted on the glass, thus rendering it obvious that the glass is stationary.

SCHOOL-BOY WIT.—A short time since, as a well-known English master in a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum of *Practice*—he said, "Is not the price of a *penny* loaf always a *penny?*" when the boy innocently answered—"No, sir, the bakers sell them *two* for *three halfpence* when they are stale."—*Stale* wit is seldom as good as this.

INVENTIONS OF MAN.—Strange that, by means of a little chemical mixture, lamp-black, and so forth, on a tissue of old rags, the thoughts of a man should be preserved for all men. For what can be a less suitable vehicle for the emanations of a godlike mind, than smoke-dirt and worn filaments of flax.

THE EYE.—A person may discipline the muscles of the face, and he may control the voice; but there is something in the eye beyond the will; and we frequently find it giving the tongue the lie direct.

WOMAN.—What can be more admirable than the tone of the subjoined note from Napoleon:—"I have received your letter, in which you blame me for speaking ungallantly of women. It is true that I hate intriguing women above all things. I have been accustomed to amiable, gentle, and conciliating women; those are the women I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. You will see that I have been very kind to one who proved herself amiable and affectionate;—I mean Madame Hatzfield. When I showed her her husband's letter, she wept and exclaimed with deep feeling and sympathy, "Ah! it is indeed his writing!" When she read it the tones of her voice went to the heart. I was moved, and I said to her, "Well, Madame, throw the letter into the fire; and I shall have no power to punish your husband." She burned the letter and was happy. Her husband is now safe; two hours later, and he would have been shot. You see I love women who are gentle and unaffected, because they resemble you. Adieu, my beloved Josephine. I am well.—NAPOLEON.

A SMART HIT.—At a great dinner given by many of the first rank, Lalande was placed between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier. "How lucky I am!" said he; "here am I seated between wit and beauty." "And without possessing either the one or the other," observed Madame de Stael.

A MISTAKE.—A doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his errour till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

ANAGRAM ON "UNITE" AND "UNTIE."

BY THE HON. E. PHIPPS.

Five letters, rightly placed, will give
A word to lovers dear,
When they in wedlock's bands would live
For many a happy year.

But when their quarrels bitter grow,
If otherwise combined,
The self-same letters serve to show
How they relief may find!

A DOUBLE ACROSTICK ON "UNITE" AND "UNTIE."

BY MISS L. H. SHERIDAN.

U-nite and Untie are the same—so say yo-U;
N-ot in wedlock, I ween, has the unity bee-N;
I-n the drama of marriage each wandering gen-T
T-o a new face would fly—all except you or I,
E-ach seeking to "alter the *spell*" in their scen-E.

Untie. Unite.

Published every Saturday, at No. 1 Barclay-street, next to the corner of Broadway. Terms, FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable, in all cases, in advance. All letters must be post-paid, and directed to the editor.

G. P. Scott, Printer, corner of John and Gold-streets.

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